

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED

NEWSPAPER

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NEW YORK, DECEMBER 5, 1874.

[PRICE, WITH SUPPLEMENT, 10 CENTS. \$2.00 YEARLY.
12 WEEKS, \$1.00.]

FIVE POINTS HOUSE OF INDUSTRY, NEW YORK CITY.

THE Five Points House of Industry is supported entirely by voluntary contributions, and is now giving food and shelter to 265 children—regular beneficiaries. Last year the managers had an average of 375 children and adults daily at the tables, and 1,111 persons partook of the benefits of the institution—no less than 400,000 meals having been given. Arrangements have been made by which an extra number of children will receive shelter during the Winter. As there is every indi-

cation of much suffering during the following four months, it is but just to expect that the friends of the House—those who have watched its progress from its inception—will respond liberally to the appeal for assistance, in food, money and clothing, that has been issued. No special influence is required to secure for a deserving child the hospitalities of this establishment. Any person, whether subscriber, patron or stranger, knowing of a worthy case, is at liberty to send it to the managers. If a person leads or sends a child there, and is willing to pay the nominal charge of one dollar per month for its board, he or she will be immediately enrolled as

an inmate; and if there is inability to do this, the child will be taken in and treated as the others. The following figures, showing what was done last year, give the best guarantee for the fulfillment of every promise made the public about destitute children: Number in House, March 1st, 1873, 316; received during year, 841; remaining March 1, 1874, 324; sent to situations, 235; delivered to friends, 262; sent to other institutions (mostly adults to hospitals), 49; left of own accord, 257; dismissed, 15; died, 15. Of these were women, 564; men, 4; girls, 222; boys, 367. Number of meals given, 406,248; whole number of children taught in school,

1,120; statute average of attendance, 425; number on register, March 1st, 1874, 436.

One cannot look upon such a group of frolicsome children as are shown in our engraving, and, being informed of their condition, fail to contribute at least a mite to their support during the breezy, freezing months. Our picture is from an instantaneous photograph, and gives a natural, easy and everyday scene of the little folks, who are seldom quiet. Examine the picture; then call upon the subjects, and leave a substantial thank-offering for them. "Inasmuch as ye did it unto the least of these, ye did it unto Me."



NEW YORK CITY.—THE FIVE POINTS HOUSE OF INDUSTRY.—THE CHILDREN'S PLAYING-HOUR.
AN INSTANTANEOUS VIEW, BY OUR OWN PHOTOGRAPHER.

FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.
 537 PEARL STREET, NEW YORK.
 FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 5, 1874.

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Subscribers to FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER for the year 1875 will have their postage paid by this office.

This week we give the second part of the new story by R. L. Fargson, called "The King of No-Land." Next week we shall issue a Supplement containing the continuation of this story.

Editors who exchange with us and who do not receive the ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER, are informed that many employers in publishing offices are in the habit of keeping picture papers for their own use. The blame should not be charged to our mailing desk.

THE PRESS AND POLITICS.

NOTHING has been more remarkable in the political history of the past three years than the success and ability with which the independent press has sustained its position towards both parties. This was no easy thing to do, for the effort required extraordinary talent and great courage. Most of the independent journalists had been trained in the severe schools of partisanship, so that when the time came for them to shake off the demands of conservatism and friendship, and to display a style of independence more earnest and more consistent than that of the *Herald*, both the politicians and the people gave them little encouragement. The defeat of the Republican Party in the Autumn elections showed that if the independent journalists were ridiculed at the beginning they were supported in the end. The press educated the people up to the point of victory on November 3d, and at that moment began the more onerous and less pleasant task of educating the politicians. Even General Butler begins to feel a certain respect for "the forty jackass-power mud throwing machine," and perhaps before the end of the year General Grant's friends will confess that he does read the papers. Indeed, if the politicians will persist in saying that they never "see" the independent papers, they must acknowledge that they are doomed to continued ignorance, and that they are too ill informed to remain in offices of statesmanship. It was only a few weeks ago when, in order that the politicians who never "see" the *Tribune* and the *Sun* might have something to read, an organ was started in New York. What must have been the feelings of the ill-informed statesmen when they learned from the *Republic* that the Democrats could not hold their victory because the Administration would assume responsibility for paper money as it had assumed it for hard! After this exhibition of journalistic stupidity the politicians will give greater attention to the independent press.

The three years' fight over the sensitive body of public opinion has been between a few politicians and a few journalists for supremacy. Each side has given hard blows and taken them. It was Reid against Carpenter, Dana against Fish, Halstead against Robeson, White against Logan, Jennings against Butler, and while the politicians were pool-pooling, and slyly wondering what would become of all these quill-drivers when Mr. Norvell got at them in the new paper, the journalists suddenly won their three years' fight in one day. But we cannot halt at Appomattox. Having won the field, it is the duty of independent journalism so to use its victory that the people shall not go backwards. We are far from believing that any of the really great independent newspapers will become partisan organs of Democracy. But since they did more than anything else to make the Democracy successful they should not withhold counsel and criticism in the hour when the first fruits of success are to be plucked. Let us compel the Democratic Party to be great and pure. On that line where the party rests upon the people let us stand as the critic of the one and the champion of the other. In many legislatures this winter there are United States Senators to be elected. Independent journalism can wish no heartier reward for its services than that only the greatest men shall be sent to the Senate. It is our duty, and the duty of the *Sun*, the *Tribune*, the *Nation*, the *Cincinnati*

Commercial, indeed of every paper which is not edited in the caucus room, to begin at once the task of criticising every person who is known to have chances of election. In many States there is great danger that the legislatures may run mad, and elect men whose only qualifications are a pocket-book and a vocabulary of doubtful grammar. It is the duty of the independent press to prevent this result of a three years' fight. Begin now.

FIGHTING THE STOCK EXCHANGE TIGER.

IT is doubtful if a man can be reasoned out of a course upon which he is not induced by reason to enter. The feather-headed, the greedy, the self-confident, the stupid and the obstinate, who rush upon a series of commitments without calculating the consequences or the cost are not likely to withdraw at the behest of any authority less commanding than that of stern experience. Such has been the lesson of gambling in all ages, and such it remains to-day. Mr. Arthur Crump, the newly selected "city" writer of the *London Times*, has recently written a very useful and interesting book, showing the certainty of outsiders losing in the game carried on upon the Stock Exchange. We doubt if it will do a great deal of good among those who have tasted of the fascinations, the delusiveness of which Mr. Crump very bluntly and clearly points out; but it ought to have weight with the great body of men of moderate means, earned in other pursuits, from whom the ranks of the stock gamblers are recruited.

It must be obvious to any one reading Mr. Crump's volume that the Exchange in London and the Exchange in New York are, in essence, very much the same thing, and what the shrewd and experienced Londoner says of London speculation is, in the main, equally true of speculation in Wall and Broad Streets. The devotees of Chapel Court, says the English author, compare their meeting-room to a barn, to which they daily resort to pick up the golden grain thrown in by outsiders. The devotees of Wall Street would, if they were asked, and it were to their interest to tell the truth, make a like comparison as to their own room. Indeed, it needs but a moment's reflection to see that the regular *habitués* of the place can no more really make money out of each other than could the traditional Yankees have traded knives until they made a half-dollar and a new knife each. They must have the money of outsiders to feed on, and it is on this that they do in reality feed.

The secret of the charm of gambling lies in the fact that the gains are lumped, while the losses are often distributed over considerable time. The gambler will not see that in the long run he must lose. He is elated by occasional successes, and when these do not occur, he attributes their non-arrival to some failure in his own calculations, some error which he will avoid, and he is confident that this is all that is necessary to secure a final triumph. But as a matter of fact, the more he plays, the worse his chances are.

The regular, professional speculator is to the Stock Exchange what the banker is to *rouge-et-noir* or in *faro*. He is the one for whom there is a mathematical certainty of winning as against outsiders. All speculation—as distinguished from investment—in stocks, is a series of bets on the future price of a given stock. A man sells a stock at thirty days, at 50. He simply bets an indefinite amount that at the end of thirty days he can buy the stock at less than 50. If the stock goes down to 48, he wins \$2 on every share. If it goes up to 52, he loses that amount. Now, the inside men do not bet on this amount unless they think they know what the fact will be, and their chances for knowing are not only better than those of the outsider, but they have generally the great advantage of being able to cause their opinions to come true. The outsider cannot have this advantage. He must bet without it, and he must bet against those who have it, for outsiders invariably bet with the current of appearances, and these the inside men invariably try to make deceptive, and having made them so, bet against them. Outsiders do not see this till it is too late. They reason: The chances are only of two kinds—for a fall and a rise, and a bet on either has at least half the chances in its favor. But it has not. The inside men do not allow it to have. They know that when they have made the chances seem to favor a rise, a fall is almost sure to come, and *vice versa*. If they did not know this, they would not bet, and if they did not bet, there would be no one to take up the challenge of the outsiders.

Then, again, there are certain elements always against the outsider, which deduct from his gains if he wins, and add to his losses if he does not win. Among these are the commissions, which are no slight matter in the account. There are also the interest on the margins and the price paid to "carry" a speculation. These are inevitable, and go on relentlessly, whatever may be the course of the market. These charges always come out of the pocket of the outsider, and go into the pocket of the insider. They consume all small profits, and they steadily eat away capital. At every turn in the market they face the outside adventurer, and often compel him to

"sacrifice" when he thinks he sees fortune just ahead. These charges, again, are like a part of the gains of the banker in *faro*, and help to make a long course of gambling ruinous. But we need not trace the resemblance further. It is plain enough that there is a "tiger" to fight in the Stock Exchange, and that the men who are deluded with the hope of sudden fortunes there must sooner or later feel the weight of his claws.

A SOUND RAILWAY.

LAST week, the *Milwaukee Journal of Commerce* berated us for upholding, with the *Nation*, the interests of railroads. Mr. Chittenden evidently does not understand our position. We do not encourage any fight on the railroads as a system; but we do lend our pen to every honest endeavor for curing mismanagement among particular railroads. It never seemed to us that it was the business of Mr. Potter of Wisconsin, that a railway was owned by men having offices in Wall Street rather than on the Erie Canal or a Michigan prairie. Legislators should never fix values, and railway freights have values as well as grain or potatoes have.

At the bottom of much of the fault-finding with railways which has been so prominent a feature in public discussion in America during the past two years, has been the feeling that the farmers were taxed heavily on their grain to pay profits on watered stock. And there is certainly a great deal of truth in the allegation. It is hardly necessary, so notorious is the fact, to cite any instances of it. The fact itself results from a variety of causes. One is the enormous impulse given to railroads as objects of speculation, rather than of investment; an impulse which has driven them into every nook and corner of the land, not so much with a view to finding business that would pay, as with a view to borrowing money on the completed work. To this impulse the reckless extravagance of Congress in voting public land to railways has contributed, since it has given the railway speculators an additional basis for the issue of their loans. What we know about railways is that their debts, in bonds, are nearly as great as that of the United States; that their freight charges are cruelly high in many cases, and that it is a simple impossibility to tell what they really cost, or how much of their receipts is devoted to paying what are nothing more nor less than gambling debts.

Under these circumstances it is refreshing to be able to point to a road managed on something like the old-fashioned principles of commercial enterprise, and which seeks to make its stock valuable to those who have invested in it, and does not seek to make it a football to be kicked up or pulled down by the people of Wall Street. Such a road is the Baltimore and Ohio Railway, whose managers have made it one of the four greatest roads of the country, and which is to-day a noble example of what hard common sense and conservative rules of conduct can do for a gigantic enterprise. For the first thirty-six years of its life, the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad was content with slow progress. It was situated, however, in a manner to do a great deal of business for the Government during the war, and, we presume, found it profitable. At any rate, in 1864 the Parkersburg route was opened, and the next year the net earnings of the company were over five millions of dollars—nearly fifty per cent. of its gross receipts. This, of itself, was a novel incident in American railway history, and encouraged the company to further extension of its plans. The next year they reached Columbus. Then their important lateral roads were added. Finally, within a few days they have made their connection with Chicago, and taken their place among the great "trunk" lines of the country.

But, though with them, they are not of them. They do not work for the stock markets, and pay slight tribute to the money-lender. Their stock is steadily advancing in value with the extension of the road; but its owners are contented with ten per cent. cash dividends, while the surplus is devoted to extending the road, improving its bed and the rolling-stock, and providing new and better means of transshipping grain in port. And thanks to this admirable system, together with its method of grading grain, Baltimore has been made one of the most rapidly progressive cities in the Union. This result has been quite newly developed, and it falls into the discussion of the transportation question with surprising appositeness. It shows that the miserable method of inflation in railways is not so good in the long run for any one concerned in it as the honest and simple rule of "pay as you go."

How intimately this matter is connected with the Granger question at the West is shown by two facts. One is, that the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad is able and willing at this moment to refuse to go into a combination with the three other great lines of the country for the purpose of maintaining a high tariff on grain; and another is, that whereas the road carried but 3,000,000 bushels of grain in 1871, in 1873 it carried over seven and a half millions, and this year it bids fair to carry fifteen millions. The representatives of the farmers in the Northwest recognize these facts, and are warm in their praises, which are in this case discriminatingly bestowed. If the history of the

Baltimore and Ohio Road teaches the country a lesson in the art of building railroads for business, and not to cover them with speculative bonds and mortgages, it will be an advantage in more senses than one; an advantage accruing to investors who wish to obtain a profit on their money, and an advantage to grain-growers, whose moral and business duty it is to patronize a sound railway.

CHEMICAL COOKERY.

MAN, in the opinion of most married women, is a discontented beast. He never is, but always is in doubt as to whether he ever will be, blest. Dinners, shirts, and buttons wherever situated, are rarely to his mind. The steak will perpetually be a little over done, and the shirt-bosom will never cease to "pucker." And what puzzles women who spend their time at home in the petty cares of the household is that men, who are free and responsible to no marital lords, should be thus querulous and exacting concerning the smallest trifles of their home existence.

Some busybody claiming—as busybodies are apt to claim—that he is acting in the interests of humanity, and out of a large spirit of disinterested benevolence, has latterly inspired men with a conviction that their food is not selected and prepared on scientific principles. Mr. Swinburne insists that

"There came to the making of man"

a number of hypothetical persons bearing all sorts of good and evil gifts. However this may be, we are now told, as a truth which defies contradiction, that there goes to the making of man a certain definite quantity of phosphates, carbonates, nitrates, and water. These must be supplied in his daily food, and in their due and normal proportions, or man deteriorates in one or another part of his physical system, and with this deterioration comes also the weakening and depravation of the mind. For example, the phosphates feed the brain, and hence brain-workers must be fed with a large amount of phosphates. Your longshoreman or stage-driver or juryman may feel no need of phosphates, as his brain is not called into any active exercise; but your editor, who has to make a readable paper, or your hotel-clerk, whose daily life is spent in solving the constantly recurring problem of how to put everybody into the half-dozen most eligible rooms, would, without phosphates, sink into a condition of imbecility qualifying him for a position as coroner or police justice, but unfitting him for any other path in life. So with the nitrates, which furnish muscle. Without nitrates at breakfast, dinner and supper, we should have no railroad brakemen, no navvies and no ward politicians. Eliminate all nitrates from the food of Mr. James Mace, or of Barnabas Aaron, Esq., and the prize-ring would for ever lose those two ornaments of pugilism. And the carbonates are equally indispensable to the well-being of all classes of men. They furnish heat, and hence are the fuel which keeps the physical machinery in motion. Take away the carbonates, and we should shiver inactive in July and August. Feed us with abundant carbonates, and we shall glow with heat in January. As for bones, which are indispensable to every gentleman, they need renewing but seldom; and the small amount of lime that exists in nearly all the phosphates is sufficient to keep our bones in good repair. If a man is particular as to his hair and finger-nails, he must eat silicon, which is the basis of flint. It is best not to take this element into the stomach in the crude form of gun-flints, which, however carefully they may be fashioned, are held by the medical fraternity to be indigestible, but to trust that, like lime, silicon will be found in our favorite phosphates in sufficient quantities to preserve us from premature baldness, and keep us supplied with nails for any sudden emergency of a nature not wholly unconnected with— But perhaps some of our readers are acquainted with Scottish manners and customs, and will understand our meaning without further explanation.

As we were saying, some busybody having supplied the men of the present day with all this wealth of scientific information, they are now calling upon their wives to feed them on scientific principles, and, in default of having their wishes gratified at home in this matter, insist upon dining at clubs and restaurants, where their brains, muscles and bones can be properly nourished. They do not go to Delmonico's because they like to dine with a select party of friends, but because Delmonico furnishes such excellent phosphates, and because his carbonates are so warming and invigorating to the system. They claim that it is woman's first duty to know how to cook, and to furnish men with food containing just the chemical elements that they need. The kitchen should be, in their estimation, a laboratory, in which hot and weary wives should prepare brain and bone and muscle, in their crude state, and look on and be thankful while their husbands assimilate them. It is a very nice thing—for husbands—a scientific thing, and one which, in the mouth of a person in the tape-selling business, or who occupies a stool in a broker's office, sounds quite imposing. The curious feature about it is, however, that women have apparently no part or lot in the matter—except that of supplying their husbands' wants.

The wife who is induced to transform her

self into a chemical cook has no appetite for food. She has no time or inclination to lunch. She makes a hurried dinner, at variable hours, on tea and soda-crackers, and perhaps being hungry late at night, sham's clamorous nature into silence with the insult of cold hash. But has not a woman brains and muscles? Has she not bones and hair and finger-nails? Does she not need heat? It is all very well to feed man scientifically, but would it not be well to give woman a fair supply of carbonates and nitrates, even if it is thought best to withhold phosphates from her, lest her brain enlarge and she become as man, knowing good from evil, and willing and capable of seizing upon that which is her right? By all means let us be fed scientifically; but let us grant to women the same benefits which we claim for ourselves, and see to it that in our household laboratory nitrates, phosphates and carbonates are put where they will do the most good by building up the women of America.

EDITORIAL TOPICS.

THE SHAKERS, at Steinway Hall, spoke of our unfettered humorist as "Joshua Billings." These grave people probably wake up on cool mornings and joke about John Frost, Esq.

THE WRITER of the article on the escape of wild beasts from Central Park into the columns of the *Herald* was Mr. Henry O'Connor, and Barnum wants him to go to Africa and capture a lion.

WILLIAM SHARON, anti-United States Senator from Nevada, has given his daughter a million of dollars for a wedding present. Everybody should generously imitate this generous father—and son-in-law.

THE ST. LOUIS GLOBE endeavored to be complacent after the election, but failed, so it headed its editorial page with this notice: "If Mark Tapley is alive, he can secure a paying position in this office."

THE BOSTON TRANSCRIPT sentimentalizes over "A Dog Dying of Grief." If some thirty or forty dogs that make night hideous in our neighborhood could die of grief or over-bowling or anything, we too could sentimentalize.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL is General Grant's choice for Minister to Russia. We heartily commend this great selection. Mr. Lowell will represent our country with dignity and intelligence. Now let the President send the religious editor of the *Telegraph* to Jerusalem.

SECRETARY BRISTOW, the champion reformer, ordered Architect Mullet out of his (the Secretary's) office, for using threatening language. Now, if Secretary Bristow will order Architect Mullet out of his (the Architect's) office, the country will be pleased. Send him down where "the purple mullet and the goldfish rove."

WHILE the marriage ceremony is subject to so much legislation that its sanctity is fast becoming a matter of mere sentiment, it is not very pleasant to read that a Bill has passed the Oregon Senate which provides that husbands and wives without children may be considered divorced by simply ceasing to live together.

GEORGE W. SMALLEY writes, in one of his London letters, that Henry Irving's *Hamlet* is a great success. He says: "I went to the Lyceum with a distinct prejudice against Mr. Irving. I came away feeling that his *Hamlet* was the most intellectual piece of acting I had seen on the English stage, without any exception whatever—that a ray of genius had at last penetrated the dull gloom in which English dramatic art lay hid."

HORACE WHITE, who has just been superseded in the editorship of the *Chicago Tribune* by Joseph Medill, is going to Europe. But now rumor has it that he is going with the present Miss McDougall, of Joliet, Ill., as soon as she shall become Mrs. Horace White. Really, we thought the great political dyspeptic was going to Europe to obtain a copy of "Tooke on Prices," his loved work, lost in the Chicago fire. He may be Joliet.

HON. JEREMIAH BLACK is a prominent candidate for United States Senator from Pennsylvania. This is a good choice, for Judge Black is not only an unquestionable Democrat, but a great statesman. He would be a great improvement on the sort of Senators sent to Congress during the last fifteen years. In this connection it may be said that when Caleb Cushing was found not to have a majority of friends in the Senate who would confirm him for Chief-Justice, General Grant exclaimed, "If they keep on I'll give them Jere Black."

GENERAL SHERMAN is likely to be a popular candidate for the Presidency. At the present outlook his nomination by some party seems inevitable. We do not think his recent trouble in the War Department affects him in any manner; but both General Grant and the Secretary of War could say naught but in favor of him. General Belknap fought bravely under General Sherman in the South, and when the President gave General Grant power to relieve General Sherman during the absurd negotiations with General Jo. Johnston, General Grant honorably refused to take the honors from his comrade.

THE CHICAGO TIMES says that while New York finds some of her busiest men going under every day, but few Chicago firms complain of hard times. A few speculators on the Board of Trade have been crushed in the numerous corners that have been run down during the Summer and Fall, but there has not been a single mercantile failure in Chicago for some months. The Fall trade has been unusually good in all departments, and more goods have been sold for cash than ever before. If the East gets up no panic, the *Times* declares that every reputable merchant of Chicago will go through the Winter without difficulty, and be in better condition for the Spring traffic than ever before.

"A READER" wishes to know whether we are Democratic or Republican. Dear sir, we are independent. If you are a Republican, and can see any teachings towards reformation of your party in our articles and cartoons, we wish you joy. If you are a Democrat, and can gain from our cartoons and articles any impulse towards improving as a Democrat, we praise you and your kind. But please do not look into this paper for either a good old-fashioned Democratic or a first-class Republican article or cartoon. We want you to be, not merely a good party man, but a good citizen, who may reasonably bear severe criticism as well as just commendation. This is not a party paper. It is our paper, and we propose that it shall be independent.

SENATOR JOHN B. GORDON, of Georgia, whom a *Tribune* writer denominates one of the ablest men in the South, said recently concerning the elections: "We all begin to feel as if we are in the Union again. I never saw anything like the change that has been wrought in our people by this evidence that we are no longer to be suspected and proscribed by the people of the North. Why, even the ladies take part in the general rejoicing, and begin to talk about the Union as though they had a personal interest in it, and you know many of them have boasted all along that they were 'not reconstructed, and expected never to be.' At a mass meeting the other night, at which there was great enthusiasm, nothing said by me was so much applauded as the words in which I pledged the people of Georgia to stand by the Constitution, the Union, and the enforcement of the laws; my denunciation of the Radicals and Radicalism did not call forth half so much enthusiasm as my expressions of Union sentiments and good will to the people of the whole country." After all, it seems as if it is the South, and not the North, which is trying to be magnanimous.

OF THE MISSES GREELEY, a new York correspondent writes: "It is now nearly two years since the death of Mr. Horace Greeley, and this season, for the first time since that event, his daughters, Ida and Gabrielle, occasionally make their appearance in public. Gabrielle is still very young, probably not more than eighteen, but has grown during her years of seclusion into a tall and very beautiful girl. Both have exquisite complexions, lovely eyes, ripe, scarlet lips, and the sweet, child-like expression which distinguished their father. Ida is most like her father, however, in appearance, and Gabrielle like her mother. Evidently the most devoted affection subsists between the two girls. Ida, the elder, looks after her sister lovingly, and says, 'Hasn't she grown tall and pretty?' And Gabrielle remarks, 'Don't you think I begin to look more like Ida?' Their manners are very charming, perfectly simple, easy and unaffected, yet with a fine air of good breeding, and even distinction, of which they are apparently quite unaware. What their future will be it is impossible to foretell, but so fathered and so mothered—for Mrs. Greeley would have been a very distinguished woman had she not been the wife of so distinguished a man—they should hardly have the lot of common mortals."

WHO OWNS THE WORLD? may well be asked when in every quarter claimants are springing up and demanding, through the processes of the law, a title to real estate of fabulous wealth. The Anneke Jans heirs still persist in allowing themselves to be coddled by "eminent counsel" who wish to go to Holland for missing proofs, that a fourth part of New York City may be delivered from the possession of usurpers. An estate valued at \$50,000,000, in the neighborhood of Toronto, Canada, is demanded by the heirs of one Lawrence Townley. It is without owners, and under the administration of the British Government. Then, in Pennsylvania, another vast property, consisting of 2,800 acres of coal land in Schuylkill County, and rated at \$4,000,000, was claimed by George K. Tryon, of Philadelphia, and James J. Dull, of Harrisburgh, under an action for ejectment. The suit was one of six resting upon analogous principles of law, and Judge Elwell instructed the jury to bring in a verdict favorable to the defendants. In Tennessee, Louis Lanier, of Texas, has lodged a claim for possession of 320 acres of land on which the city of Nashville is built. Forty or fifty years ago an attempt was made by Lanier's father, through Governor Wise of Virginia, to push the claim, but it was abandoned because of the excitement it created. Some three years ago, if memory serves, a descendant of Mary Jameson, the "white woman," of sad romance, expressed his ability and determination to furnish proof that he was entitled to the best part of the city of Buffalo, New York State. Verily, no man knoweth whose ground he treads.

ONE RESULT OF THE WOMEN'S WHISKY WAR of last Spring must be quite humiliating. It will be remembered that one saloon-keeper—J. C. Van Pelt—held out stoutly against the songs, prayers, threats and imprecations. Suddenly he yielded, and assisted in person in the destruction of his stock of liquor. It was said that in order to use him as an "example" in public meetings, he was paid the full value of his property. Then he began lecturing, calling upon his associates in the liquor business to renounce the fealty they had, unconsciously, perhaps, observed for the Devil, and urging the crusaders to continue the blessed work until there was nothing left in all this broad land for the thirsty sons of Adam to drink but the water of the far-reaching Mississippi. As the prominent actors in that affair appear to have been pretty well paid for their services, it is hardly possible that the reformed "example" would have been neglected. Of course the excitement soon died out, the ladies retired, shutters were lowered as of yore, back entrances unlocked; flasks found their way into hip-pockets again; and husbands began staying out late at night, just as if nothing had happened. What did the "example" do when there were no more crusaders to waste the sweetness of his experience upon? Let the newspapers of his own Ohio tell the tale—Ohio, that for weeks was drenched with beer and burnt with whisky until the very earth dried and crumbled and turned up

in furrows, begging for a renewal of life. And this is what they say, and how they say it:

"WILMINGTON, O., October 26th, 1874.—*Gambrius Stock Co., Cincinnati, O.—Sir:* I start again in business and would like to sell your beer. Please ship 6 Doz. Bottles of Beer. I will soon set on our old account. I shall start slow but have a good Business Place here. Yours, J. C. VAN PELT."

PETER COOPER writes a very interesting and sensible letter to the people, through the plain type of the *Tribune* (of course), on the state of the country and in favor of hard money. His views on the Tariff are given thus: "In Mr. O'Connor's letter he recommends that our Government should adopt not only Free Trade, but direct taxation, as the policy of our country. The old confederacy of thirteen States attempted to maintain their Government by direct taxation and failed. That failure was due to the fact that the several States then neglected to provide their quota of taxation for the General Government. But the presence of a multitude of tax collectors, and the personal contact of each with the farmer and mechanic, as claimant of dues to a remote interest, like that of the General Government, has always been regarded as a great nuisance by the common people, and has made the 'tax-gatherer' in all ages a dreaded visitor. A good reason why a well arranged revenue tariff of specific duties raised from the smallest number of articles that will produce the required amount is more safe than direct taxation for the country may be inferred from the fact that Dr. Franklin says that the American people under the old Colonial Government were so immoderately fond of the manufactures and superfluities of foreign countries that they could not be restrained from purchasing them. When the several States and the General Government of our country shall abolish all unwise and unnecessary laws, and cause all that remain to be so plain, clear and positive that no man could long hold office under them without a faithful performance of the duties enjoined by the law: when we, the people, determine that we shall have honesty, intelligence and integrity in all places of public trust, and adopt a civil service to secure it; when a faithful discharge of duties useful to the public shall secure a continuance in place and a suitable pension when worn out in the public service; when these privileges are secured to the people, we may then hope for a Government that all can honor, respect, and obey; it will then be a Government in harmony with the letter and the spirit of the Constitution under which we live."

WENDELL PHILLIPS has a ten-column article in the *Chicago Advance* on the necessity of the Civil Rights Bill. He says the threatened surrender of the supplementary Civil Rights Bill is both "cowardly and unstatesmanlike." "The Southern whites deify the administration," but if they be met promptly, as the President met them at New Orleans, they will skulk away. The Bill is the "capstone and completion of the war's work." The objection that it is unconstitutional comes mainly from politicians and those lawyers "who were steeped to the lips in pro-slavery hate." Since the war our Constitution recognizes no difference between the negroes and other men, and if the American people are forced to arm a second time to defend this principle "they will sweep every obstacle into the Gulf." Mr. Phillips argues that the slaughter-house decision, which is most cited against the Bill, sustains the principles on which it is founded. The Constitutional amendments guarantee to the colored people all the "privileges and immunities of citizens of the United States," and if "rights in juries, in inns, cars and schools belong to the 'privileges and immunities of United States citizens,' or are essential to the 'equal protection of the laws,' Congress may legislate to secure them."

"First—Juries. No race excluded, as such, from the jury-box would consider that it had or could have the equal protection of the laws. No sane man would claim that it had. Hence, refusing a race admission to the jury-box violates this amendment, and Congress can forbid it by law."

"Second—Inns and cars. The Supreme Court, in the slaughter-house case, admits that it is one of the privileges and immunities of United States citizens to travel for different purposes. If, then, the law so arranges inns or cars that the colored race is debarred from such travel—travel in the same honorable manner and with the same comfort and advantages that other classes and races enjoy, with the same pleasure and chances of improvement and profit that others have—then this amendment is violated, and such deprivation or insult Congress can forbid by law."

"Third—Public schools. If the supreme advantages of education are so curtailed and interfered with by any law of separate public schools, that other races enjoy privileges and advantages of which the negroes are deprived—as we have shown most inevitably be the case in all separate schools—then this Fourteenth Amendment is violated, and Congress is authorized to secure them 'the equal protection of the laws.'"

If the Civil Rights bill of 1866, by which the negro was granted the right to sue and testify in court, "is constitutional, by the same logic mixed juries, inns and schools spring out of the Fourteenth Amendment." There is no fear that by insisting on mixed schools the Southern whites will be provoked to destroy the school system. They are not strong enough. Besides, the experiment has been tried in Massachusetts, Ohio, Indiana and Louisiana, and no serious results followed. After the abolition of slavery the white man of the South held to his land as a means of "regaining his supremacy, and keeping the freedmen in subjection." But the carpetbaggers have taxed the lands of the anti-reconstructionists so heavily that they were glad to surrender them rather than pay the taxes on them. So the negro has now got land—all he needed to secure his independence—and he will see in time that his rights are preserved under the Constitution. In conclusion, Mr. Phillips says that if the President will make known his intention by act to "enforce the laws impartially, remorselessly and at once," the South in thirty days will be calm and orderly as a Vermont village. If the President fails to use his power "our disgrace will be lasting. The negro's sufferings will soon cease. Before many years he will rule the South as peremptorily as the Irish race rule New York city to-day."

RACY REVELATIONS.—Mr. Greville, who was for forty years clerk to the Council of England, kept a diary, and as his position brought him into personal contact with all the chief personages of the times,

he had opportunities vouchsafed to few of hoarding "racy revelations." Belonging to one of the Anglo-Norman families, he had, independently of his official position, the entrée to the elite society of the day, while his agreeable manners made him ever welcome. In every circle he was a favorite, for, despite his singular reticence, they who formed his acquaintance seem to have unbosomed themselves to him in a remarkable manner. It does not appear, however, that he has betrayed the confidence reposed in him, for although he makes many allusions to private recitals of events calculated to arouse public curiosity, he never reveals them, but contents himself by recounting what he himself has actually seen and heard, and everything he relates bears upon it the indubitable stamp of authenticity. Our readers well know how little we regard Court life, but it is a part of the social economy of the world, and we have been rapidly approximating to it for the last twenty years. Nevertheless, it is impossible not to laugh over the private peculiarities of people, however they may be degraded in our freeborn eyes by their being unhappily born in the purple. Mr. Greville very emphatically declares George IV. to have been one of the most contemptible scoundrels who ever figured in kingly history—cowardly and treacherous, and such an ingrained liar that he scarcely knew truth from falsehood. When he had taken an extra potation, he would make such assertions that his companions would stare in speechless astonishment. One of his delusions was that he was in the Battle of Waterloo, and that he had led the famous and final charge of the Life Guards before which the immortal Imperial Guard of Napoleon had quailed. At one of his royal banquets, when the wine had freely circulated, he openly claimed the merit of gaining the battle by his dashing behavior on that occasion. Count Bulow, the Prussian general, who was present at the battle as well as at the banquet in question, was so astonished at the King's enormous falsehood, that he could not avoid expressing his doubt, whereupon the royal liar had the amusing effrontery to appeal to the Duke of Wellington, who was seated at the table near him, as witness to the truth of his story. The Duke, who did not like to tell his royal master that he was lying, evaded the question by saying, "I have heard Your Majesty say the same thing before." The anecdotes Mr. Greville relates of William IV. bears out his opinion that he was nothing but an overgrown middy, and as a king was merely a burlesque, but there was a spice of good temper about him that redeemed much of his evil nature. The darkest spot in his life was his ingratitude to Mrs. Jordan, but he in some measure condoned this by his fatherly affection for their children, the Fitzclarences. One of these married the Earl of Errol, and he told our correspondent that the Countess—Mrs. Jordan's daughter—once found her father in tears over a letter that he had found in an old writing-desk from the deserted actress. Mr. Greville makes no mention of the terrible tragedy connected with the Princess Amelia, and which was the real cause of George III.'s insanity. Nor does he mention the mock marriage of George IV. with Mrs. Fitzherbert. He, however, says enough to make his reminiscences very unpleasant to many illustrious persons whose sons are still living, and we should think that Queen Victoria would not like some of the reminiscences in these tell-tale volumes.

AFTER THE BURIAL.

BY
JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

YES, faith is a goodly anchor;
When skies are sweet as a psalm,
At the bows it lofts so stalwart,
In bluff, broad shipplowed calm.
And when over breakers to leeward
The tattered surges are hurled,
It may keep our head to the tempest,
With its grip on the base of the world.
But, after the shipwreck, tell me
What help in its iron thews,
Still true to the broken hawser,
Deep down among sea weed and ooze?
In the breaking gulfs of sorrow,
When the helpless feet stretch out
And find in the depths of darkness
No footing so solid as doubt,
Then better one spar of Memory,
One broken plank of the Past,
That our human heart may cling to,
Though hopeless of shore at last!
To the spirit its splendid conjectures,
To the flesh its sweet despair,
Its tears o'er the thin worn locket
With its anguish of deathless hair!
Immortal? I feel it and know it,
Who doubts it of such as she?
But that is the pang very secret—
Immortal away from me.
There's a narrow ridge in the graveyard
Would scarce stay a child in his race,
But to me and my thought it is wider
Than the star-sown vague of Space.
Your logic, my friend, is perfect,
Your morals most dearly true;
But, since the earth clashed on her coffin,
I keep hearing that, and not you.
Console if you will, I can bear it;
'Tis a well-meant aim of breath;
But not all the preaching since Adam
Has made Death other than Death.
It is pagan; but wait till you feel it—
That jar of the earth, that dull shock
When the plowshare of deeper passion
Tears down to our primitive rock.
Communion in spirit! Forgive me,
But I, who am earthy and weak,
Would give all my incomes from dreamland
For a touch of her hand on my cheek.
That little shoe in the corner,
So worn and wrinkled and brown,
With its empires confutes you,
And argues your wisdom down.

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Subscribers to FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER for the year 1875 will have their postage paid by this office.

This week we give the second part of the new story by B. L. Farjeon, called "The King of Notland." Next week we shall issue a Supplement containing the continuation of this story.

Editors who exchange with us and who do not receive the ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER, are informed that many employes in publishing offices are in the habit of keeping picture papers for their own use. The blame should not be charged to our mailing desk.

THE PRESS AND POLITICS.

NOTHING has been more remarkable in the political history of the past three years than the success and ability with which the independent press has sustained its position towards both parties. This was no easy thing to do, for the effort required extraordinary talent and great courage. Most of the independent journalists had been trained in the severe schools of partisanship, so that when the time came for them to shake off the demands of conservatism and friendship, and to display a style of independence more earnest and more consistent than that of the *Herald*, both the politicians and the people gave them little encouragement. The defeat of the Republican Party in the Autumn elections showed that if the independent journalists were ridiculed at the beginning they were supported in the end. The press educated the people up to the point of victory on November 3d, and at that moment began the more onerous and less pleasant task of educating the politicians. Even General Butler begins to feel a certain respect for "the forty-jackass-power mud throwing machine," and perhaps before the end of the year General Grant's friends will confess that he does read the papers. Indeed, if the politicians will persist in saying that they never "see" the independent papers, they must acknowledge that they are doomed to continued ignorance, and that they are too ill informed to remain in offices of statesmanship. It was only a few weeks ago when, in order that the politicians who never "see" the *Tribune* and the *Sun* might have something to read, an organ was started in New York. What must have been the feelings of the ill-informed statesmen when they learned from the *Republic* that the Democrats could not hold their victory because the Administration would assume responsibility for paper money as it had assumed it for hard! After this exhibition of journalistic stupidity the politicians will give greater attention to the independent press.

The three years' fight over the sensitive body of public opinion has been between a few politicians and a few journalists for supremacy. Each side has given hard blows and taken them. It was Reid against Carpenter, Dana against Fish, Halstead against Robeson, White against Logan, Jennings against Butler, and while the politicians were pool-pooling, and slyly wondering what would become of all these quill-drivers when Mr. Norvell got at them in the new paper, the journalists suddenly won their three years' fight in one day. But we cannot halt at Appomattox. Having won the field, it is the duty of independent journalism so to use its victory that the people shall not go backwards. We are far from believing that any of the really great independent newspapers will become partisan organs of Democracy. But since they did more than anything else to make the Democracy successful they should not withhold counsel and criticism in the hour when the first fruits of success are to be plucked. Let us compel the Democratic Party to be great and pure. On that line where the party rests upon the people let us stand as the critic of the one and the champion of the other. In many legislatures this winter there are United States Senators to be elected. Independent journalism can wish no heartier reward for its services than that only the greatest men shall be sent to the Senate. It is our duty, and the duty of the *Sun*, the *Tribune*, the *Nation*, the *Cincinnati*

Commercial, indeed of every paper which is not edited in the caucus-room, to begin at once the task of criticising every person who is known to have chances of election. In many States there is great danger that the legislatures may run mad, and elect men whose only qualifications are a pocket-book and a vocabulary of doubtful grammar. It is the duty of the independent press to prevent this result of a three-years' fight. Begin now.

FIGHTING THE STOCK EXCHANGE TIGER.

IT is doubtful if a man can be reasoned out of a course upon which he is not induced by reason to enter. The feather-headed, the greedy, the self-confident, the stupid and the obstinate, who rush upon a series of commitments without calculating the consequences or the cost are not likely to withdraw at the behest of any authority less commanding than that of stern experience. Such has been the lesson of gambling in all ages, and such it remains to-day. Mr. Arthur Crump, the newly selected "city" writer of the *London Times*, has recently written a very useful and interesting book, showing the certainty of outsiders losing in the game carried on upon the Stock Exchange. We doubt if it will do a great deal of good among those who have tasted of the fascinations, the delusiveness of which Mr. Crump very bluntly and clearly points out; but it ought to have weight with the great body of men of moderate means, earned in other pursuits, from whom the ranks of the stock gamblers are recruited.

It must be obvious to any one reading Mr. Crump's volume that the Exchange in London and the Exchange in New York are, in essence, very much the same thing, and what the shrewd and experienced Londoner says of London speculation is, in the main, equally true of speculation in Wall and Broad Streets. The devotees of Capel Court, says the English author, compare their meeting-room to a barn, to which they daily resort to pick up the golden grain thrown in by outsiders. The devotees of Wall Street would, if they were asked, and it were to their interest to tell the truth, make a like comparison as to their own room. Indeed, it needs but a moment's reflection to see that the regular *habitués* of the place can no more really make money out of each other than could the traditional Yankees have traded knives until they made a half-dollar and a new knife each. They must have the money of outsiders to feed on, and it is on this that they do in reality feed.

The secret of the charm of gambling lies in the fact that the gains are lumped, while the losses are often distributed over considerable time. The gambler will not see that in the long run he must lose. He is elated by occasional successes, and when these do not occur, he attributes their non-arrival to some failure in his own calculations, some error which he will avoid, and which on the next trial he will avoid, and he is confident that this is all that is necessary to secure a final triumph. But as a matter of fact, the more he plays, the worse his chances are.

The regular, professional speculator is to the Stock Exchange what the banker is in *rouge-et-noir* or in *faro*. He is the one for whom there is a mathematical certainty of winning as against outsiders. All speculation—as distinguished from investment—in stocks, is a series of bets on the future price of a given stock. A man sells a stock at thirty days, at 50. He simply bets an indefinite amount that at the end of thirty days he can buy the stock at less than 50. If the stock goes down to 48, he wins \$2 on every share. If it goes up to 52, he loses that amount. Now, the inside men do not bet on this amount unless they think they know what the fact will be, and their chances for knowing are not only better than those of the outsider, but they have generally the great advantage of being able to cause their opinions to come true. The outsider cannot have this advantage. He must bet without it, and he must bet against those who have it, for outsiders invariably bet with the current of appearances, and these the inside men invariably try to make deceptive, and having made them so, bet against them. Outsiders do not see this till it is too late. They reason: The chances are only of two kinds—for a fall and a rise, and a bet on either has at least half the chances in its favor. But it has not. The inside men do not allow it to have. They know that when they have made the chances seem to favor a rise, a fall is almost sure to come, and *vice versa*. If they did not know this, they would not bet, and if they did not bet, there would be no one to take up the challenge of the outsiders.

Then, again, there are certain elements always against the outsider, which deduct from his gains if he wins, and add to his losses if he does not win. Among these are the commissions, which are no slight matter in the account. There are also the interest on the margins and the price paid to "carry" a speculation. These are inevitable, and go on relentlessly, whatever may be the course of the market. These charges always come out of the pocket of the outsider, and go into the pocket of the insider. They consume all small profits, and they steadily eat away capital. At every turn in the market they face the outside adventurer, and often compel him to

"sacrifice" when he thinks he sees fortune just ahead. These charges, again, are like a part of the gains of the banker in *faro*, and help to make a long course of gambling ruinous. But we need not trace the resemblance further. It is plain enough that there is a "tiger" to fight in the Stock Exchange, and that the men who are deluded with the hope of sudden fortunes there must sooner or later feel the weight of his claws.

A SOUND RAILWAY.

LAST week, the *Milwaukee Journal of Commerce* berated us for upholding, with the *Nation*, the interests of railroads. Mr. Chittenden evidently does not understand our position. We do not encourage any fight on the railroads as a system; but we do lend our pen to every honest endeavor for curing mismanagement among particular railroads. It never seemed to us that it was the business of Mr. Potter of Wisconsin, that a railway was owned by men having offices in Wall Street rather than on the Erie Canal or a Michigan prairie. Legislators should never fix values, and railway freights have values as well as grain or potatoes have.

At the bottom of much of the fault-finding with railways which has been so prominent a feature in public discussion in America during the past two years, has been the feeling that the farmers were taxed heavily on their grain to pay profits on watered stock. And there is certainly a great deal of truth in the allegation. It is hardly necessary, so notorious is the fact, to cite any instances of it. The fact itself results from a variety of causes. One is the enormous impulse given to railroads as objects of speculation, rather than of investment; an impulse which has driven them into every nook and corner of the land, not so much with a view to finding business that would pay, as with a view to borrowing money on the completed work. To this impulse the reckless extravagance of Congress in voting public land to railways has contributed, since it has given the railway speculators an additional basis for the issue of their loans. What we know about railways is that their debts, in bonds, are nearly as great as that of the United States; that their freight charges are cruelly high in many cases, and that it is a simple impossibility to tell what they really cost, or how much of their receipts is devoted to paying what are nothing more nor less than gambling debts.

Under these circumstances it is refreshing to be able to point to a road managed on something like the old-fashioned principles of commercial enterprise, and which seeks to make its stock valuable to those who have invested in it, and does not seek to make it a football to be kicked up or pulled down by the people of Wall Street. Such a road is the Baltimore and Ohio Railway, whose managers have made it one of the four greatest roads of the country, and which is to-day a noble example of what hard common sense and conservative rules of conduct can do for a gigantic enterprise. For the first thirty-six years of its life, the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad was content with slow progress. It was situated, however, in a manner to do a great deal of business for the Government during the war, and, we presume, found it profitable. At any rate, in 1864 the Parkersburg route was opened, and the next year the net earnings of the company were over five millions of dollars—nearly fifty per cent. of its gross receipts. This, of itself, was a novel incident in American railway history, and encouraged the company to further extension of its plans. The next year they reached Columbus. Then their important lateral roads were added. Finally, within a few days they have made their connection with Chicago, and taken their place among the great "trunk" lines of the country.

But, though with them, they are not of them. They do not work for the stock markets, and pay slight tribute to the money-lender. Their stock is steadily advancing in value with the extension of the road; but its owners are contented with ten per cent. cash dividends, while the surplus is devoted to extending the road, improving its bed and the rolling-stock, and providing new and better means of transshipping grain in port. And thanks to this admirable system, together with its method of grading grain, Baltimore has been made one of the most rapidly progressive cities in the Union. This result has been quite newly developed, and it falls into the discussion of the transportation question with surprising appositeness. It shows that the miserable method of inflation in railways is not so good in the long run for any one concerned in it as the honest and simple rule of "pay as you go."

How intimately this matter is connected with the Granger question at the West is shown by two facts. One is, that the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad is able and willing at this moment to refuse to go into a combination with the three other great lines of the country for the purpose of maintaining a high tariff on grain; and another is, that whereas the road carried but 3,000,000 bushels of grain in 1871, in 1873 it carried over seven and a half millions, and this year it bids fair to carry fifteen millions. The representatives of the farmers in the North recognize these facts, and are warm in their praises, which are in this case discriminatingly bestowed. If the history of the

Baltimore and Ohio Road teaches the country a lesson in the art of building railroads for business, and not to cover them with speculative bonds and mortgages, it will be an advantage in more senses than one; an advantage accruing to investors who wish to obtain a profit on their money, and an advantage to grain-growers, whose moral and business duty it is to patronize a sound railway.

CHEMICAL COOKERY.

MAN, in the opinion of most married women, is a discontented beast. He never is, but always is in doubt as to whether he ever will be, blest. Dinners, shirts, and buttons wherever situated, are rarely to his mind. The steak will perpetually be a little over-done, and the shirt-bosom will never cease to "pucker." And what puzzles women who spend their time at home in the petty cares of the household is that men, who are free and responsible to no marital lords, should be thus querulous and exacting concerning the smallest trifles of their home existence.

Some busybody claiming—as busybodies are apt to claim—that he is acting in the interests of humanity, and out of a large spirit of disinterested benevolence, has latterly inspired men with a conviction that their food is not selected and prepared on scientific principles. Mr. Swinburne insists that

"There came to the making of man"

a number of hypothetical persons bearing all sorts of good and evil gifts. However this may be, we are now told, as a truth which defies contradiction, that there goes to the making of man a certain definite quantity of phosphates, carbonates, nitrates, and water. These must be supplied in his daily food, and in their due and normal proportions, or man deteriorates in one or another part of his physical system, and with this deterioration comes also the weakening and deprecation of the mind. For example, the phosphates feed the brain, and hence brain-workers must be fed with a large amount of phosphates. Your longshoreman or stage-driver or jurymen may feel no need of phosphates, as his brain is not called into any active exercise; but your editor, who has to make a readable paper, or your hotel-clerk, whose daily life is spent in solving the constantly recurring problem of how to put everybody into the half-dozen most eligible rooms, would, without phosphates, sink into a condition of imbecility qualifying him for a position as coroner or police-judge, but unfitting him for any other path in life. So with the nitrates, which furnish muscle. Without nitrates at breakfast, dinner and supper, we should have no railroad brakemen, no navvies and no ward politicians. Eliminate all nitrates from the fool of Mr. James Mace, or of Barnabas Aaron, Esq., and the prize-ring would for ever lose those two ornaments of pugilism. And the carbonates are equally indispensable to the well-being of all classes of men. They furnish heat, and hence are the fuel which keeps the physical machinery in motion. Take away the carbonates, and we should shiver inactive in July and August. Feed us with abundant carbonates, and we shall glow with heat in January. As for bones, which are indispensable to every gentleman, they need renewing but seldom; and the small amount of lime that exists in nearly all the phosphates is sufficient to keep our bones in good repair. If a man is particular as to his hair and finger-nails, he must eat silicon, which is the basis of flint. It is best not to take this element into the stomach in the crude form of gun-flints, which, however carefully they may be fashioned, are held by the medical fraternity to be indigestible, but to trust that, like lime, silicon will be found in our favorite phosphates in sufficient quantities to preserve us from premature baldness, and keep us supplied with nails for any sudden emergency of a nature not wholly unconnected with— But perhaps some of our readers are acquainted with Scottish manners and customs, and will understand our meaning without further explanation.

As we were saying, some busybody having supplied the men of the present day with all this wealth of scientific information, they are now calling upon their wives to feed them on scientific principles, and, in default of having their wishes gratified at home in this matter, insist upon dining at clubs and restaurants, where their brains, muscles and bones can be properly nourished. They do not go to Delmonico's because they like to dine with a select party of friends, but because Delmonico furnishes such excellent phosphates, and because his carbonates are so warming and invigorating to the system. They claim that it is woman's first duty to know how to cook, and to furnish men with food containing just the chemical elements that they need. The kitchen should be, in their estimation, a laboratory, in which hot and weary wives should prepare brain and bone and muscle, in their crude state, and look on and be thankful while their husbands assimilate them. It is a very nice thing—for husbands—a scientific thing, and one which, in the mouth of a person in the tape-selling business, or who occupies a stool in a broker's office, sounds quite imposing. The curious feature about it is, however, that women have apparently no part or lot in the matter—except that of supplying their husbands' wants.

The wife who is induced to transform her

self into a chemical cook has no appetite for food. She has no time or inclination to lunch. She makes a hurried dinner, at variable hours, on tea and soda-crackers, and perhaps being hungry late at night, sham's clamorous nature into silence with the insult of cold hash. But has not a woman brains and muscles? Has she not bones and hair and finger-nails? Does she not need heat? It is all very well to feed man scientifically, but would it not be well to give woman a fair supply of carbonates and nitrates, even if it is thought best to withhold phosphates from her, lest her brain enlarge and she become as man, knowing good from evil, and willing and capable of seizing upon that which is her right? By all means let us be fed scientifically; but let us grant to women the same benefits which we claim for ourselves, and see to it that in our household laboratory nitrates, phosphates and carbonates are put where they will do the most good by building up the women of America.

EDITORIAL TOPICS.

THE SHAKERS, at Steinway Hall, spoke of our unfettered humorist as "Joshua Billings." These grave people probably wake up on cool mornings and joke about John Frost, Esq.

THE WRITER of the article on the escape of wild beasts from Central Park into the columns of the *Herald* was Mr. Henry O'Connor, and Barnum wants him to go to Africa and capture a lion.

WILLIAM SHARON, ante-United States Senator from Nevada, has given his daughter a million of dollars for a wedding present. Everybody should generously imitate this generous father—and son-in-law.

THE ST. LOUIS GLOBE endeavored to be complacent after the election, but failed, so it headed its editorial page with this notice: "If Mark Tapley is alive, he can secure a paying position in this office."

THE BOSTON TRANSCRIPT sentimentalizes over "A Dog Dying of Grief." If some thirty or forty dogs that make night hideous in our neighborhood could die of grief or over-howling or anything, we too could sentimentalize.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL is General Grant's choice for Minister to Russia. We heartily commend this great selection. Mr. Lowell will represent our country with dignity and intelligence. Now let the President send the religious editor of the *Telegram* to Jerusalem.

SECRETARY BRISTOW, the champion reformer, ordered Architect Mullet out of his (the Secretary's) office, for using threatening language. Now, if Secretary Bristow will order Architect Mullet out of his (the Architect's) office, the country will be pleased. Send him down where "the purple mullet and the goldfish rove."

WHILE the marriage ceremony is subject to so much legislation that its sanctity is fast becoming a matter of mere sentiment, it is not very pleasant to read that a Bill has passed the Oregon Senate which provides that husbands and wives without children may be considered divorced by simply ceasing to live together.

GEORGE W. SMALEY writes, in one of his London letters, that Henry Irving's *Hamlet* is a great success. He says: "I went to the Lyceum with a distinct prejudice against Mr. Irving. I came away feeling that his *Hamlet* was the most intellectual piece of acting I had seen on the English stage, without any exception whatever—that a ray of genius had at last penetrated the dull gloom in which English dramatic art lay hid."

HORACE WHITE, who has just been superseded in the editorship of the *Chicago Tribune* by Joseph Medill, is going to Europe. But now rumor has it that he is going with the present Miss McDougall, of Joliet, Ill., as soon as she shall become Mrs. Horace White. Really, we thought the great political dyspeptic was going to Europe to obtain a copy of "Tooke on Prices," his loved work, lost in the Chicago fire. He may be Joliet.

HON. JEREMIAH BLACK is a prominent candidate for United States Senator from Pennsylvania. This is a good choice, for Judge Black is not only an unquestionable Democrat, but a great statesman. He would be a great improvement on the sort of Senators sent to Congress during the last fifteen years. In this connection it may be said that when Caleb Cushing was found not to have a majority of friends in the Senate who would confirm him for Chief-Justice, General Grant exclaimed, "If they keep on I'll give them Jere Black."

GENERAL SHERMAN is likely to be a popular candidate for the Presidency. At the present outlook his nomination by some party seems inevitable. We do not think his recent trouble in the War Department affects him in any manner; but both General Grant and the Secretary of War could say naught but in favor of him. General Belknap fought bravely under General Sherman in the South, and when the President gave General Grant power to relieve General Sherman during the absurd negotiations with General Jo. Johnston, General Grant honorably refused to take the honors from his comrade.

THE CHICAGO TIMES says that while New York finds some of her busiest men going under every day, but few Chicago firms complain of hard times. A few speculators on the Board of Trade have been crushed in the numerous corners that have been run down during the Summer and Fall, but there has not been a single mercantile failure in Chicago for some months. The Fall trade has been unusually good in all departments, and more goods have been sold for cash than ever before. If the East gets up no panic, the *Times* declares that every reputable merchant of Chicago will go through the Winter without difficulty, and be in better condition for the Spring traffic than ever before.

"A READER" wishes to know whether we are Democratic or Republican. Dear sir, we are independent. If you are a Republican, and can see any teachings towards reformation of your party in our articles and cartoons, we wish you joy. If you are a Democrat, and can gain from our cartoons and articles any impulse towards improving as a Democrat, we praise you and your kind. But please do not look into this paper for either a good old-fashioned Democratic or a first-class Republican article or cartoon. We want you to be, not merely a good party man, but a good citizen, who may reasonably bear severe criticism as well as just commendation. This is not a party paper. It is our paper, and we propose that it shall be independent.

SENATOR JOHN B. GORDON, of Georgia, whom a *Tribune* writer denominates one of the ablest men in the South, said recently concerning the elections: "We all begin to feel as if we are in the Union again. I never saw anything like the change that has been wrought in our people by this evidence that we are no longer to be suspected and proscribed by the people of the North. Why, even the ladies take part in the general rejoicing, and begin to talk about the Union as though they had a personal interest in it, and you know many of them have boasted all along that they were 'not reconstructed, and expected never to be.' At a mass meeting the other night, at which there was great enthusiasm, nothing said by me was so much applauded as the words in which I pledged the people of Georgia to stand by the Constitution, the Union, and the enforcement of the laws: my denunciation of the Radicals and Radicalism did not call forth half so much enthusiasm as my expressions of Union sentiments and good will to the people of the whole country." After all, it seems as if it is the South, and not the North, which is trying to be magnanimous.

OF THE MISSES GREELEY, a new York correspondent writes: "It is now nearly two years since the death of Mr. Horace Greeley, and this season, for the first time since that event, his daughters, Ida and Gabrielle, occasionally make their appearance in public. Gabrielle is still very young, probably not more than eighteen, but has grown during her years of seclusion into a tall and very beautiful girl. Both have exquisite complexions, lovely eyes, ripe, scarlet lips, and the sweet, child-like expression which distinguished their father. Ida is most like her father, however, in appearance, and Gabrielle like her mother. Evidently the most devoted affection subsists between the two girls. Ida, the elder, looks after her sister lovingly, and says, 'Hasn't she grown tall and pretty?' And Gabrielle remarks, 'Don't you think I begin to look more like Ida?' Their manners are very charming, perfectly simple, easy and unaffected, yet with a fine air of good breeding, and even distinction, of which they are apparently quite unaware. What their future will be it is impossible to foretell, but so fathered and so mothered—for Mrs. Greeley would have been a very distinguished woman had she not been the wife of so distinguished a man—they should hardly have the lot of common mortals."

WHO OWNS THE WORLD? may well be asked when in every quarter claimants are springing up and demanding, through the processes of the law, a title to real estate of fabulous wealth. The Anneke Jans heirs still persist in allowing themselves to be coddled by "eminent counsel" who wish to go to Holland for missing proofs, that a fourth part of New York City may be delivered from the possession of usurpers. An estate valued at \$50,000,000, in the neighborhood of Toronto, Canada, is demanded by the heirs of one Lawrence Townley. It is without owners, and under the administration of the British Government. Then, in Pennsylvania, another vast property, consisting of 2,800 acres of coal land in Schuylkill County, and rated at \$4,000,000, was claimed by George K. Tryon, of Philadelphia, and James J. Dull, of Harrisburgh, under an action for ejectment. The suit was one of six resting upon analogous principles of law, and Judge Elwell instructed the jury to bring in a verdict favorable to the defendants. In Tennessee, Louis Lanier, of Texas, has lodged a claim for possession of 320 acres of land on which the city of Nashville is built. Forty or fifty years ago an attempt was made by Lanier's father, through Governor Wise of Virginia, to push the claim, but it was abandoned because of the excitement it created. Some three years ago, if memory serves, a descendant of Mary Jamieson, the "white woman," of sad romance, expressed his ability and determination to furnish proof that he was entitled to the best part of the city of Buffalo, New York State. Verily, no man knoweth whose ground he treads.

ONE RESULT OF THE WOMEN'S WHISKY WAR of last Spring must be quite humiliating. It will be remembered that one saloon-keeper—J. C. Van Pelt—held out stoutly against the songs, prayers, threats and imprecations. Suddenly he yielded, and assisted in person in the destruction of his stock of liquor. It was said that in order to use him as an "example" in public meetings, he was paid the full value of his property. Then he began lecturing, calling upon his associates in the liquor business to renounce the fealty they had, unconsciously, perhaps, observed for the Devil, and urging the crusaders to continue the blessed work until there was nothing left in all this broad land for the thirsty sons of Adam to drink but the water of the far-reaching Mississippi. As the prominent actors in that affair appear to have been pretty well paid for their services, it is hardly possible that the reformed "example" would have been neglected. Of course the excitement soon died out, the ladies retired, shutters were lowered as of yore, back entrances unlocked: flasks found their way into hip-pockets again; and husbands began staying out late o' nights, just as if nothing had happened. What did the "example" do when there were no more crusaders to waste the sweetness of his experience upon? Let the newspapers of his own Ohio tell the tale—Ohio, that for weeks was drenched with beer and burnt with whisky until the very earth dried and crumbled and turned up

in furrows, begging for a renewal of life. And this is what they say, and how they say it:

WILMINGTON, O., October 26th, 1874.—*Gambirino Stock Co., Cincinnati, O.*—Sir: I start again in Business and would like to sell your beer. Please ship 6 Doz. Bottles of Beer. I will soon settle our old account. I shall start slow. But have a good Business Place here. Yours, J. C. VAN PELT.

PETER COOPER writes a very interesting and sensible letter to the people, through the plain type of the *Tribune* (of course), on the state of the country and in favor of hard money. His views on the Tariff are given thus: "In Mr. O'Connor's letter he recommends that our Government should adopt not only Free Trade, but direct taxation, as the policy of our country. The old confederacy of thirteen States attempted to maintain their Government by direct taxation and failed. That failure was due to the fact that the several States then neglected to provide their quota of taxation for the General Government. But the presence of a multitude of tax collectors, and the personal contact of each with the farmer and mechanic, as claimant of dues to a remote interest, like that of the General Government, has always been regarded as a great nuisance by the common people, and has made the 'tax-gatherer' in all ages a dreaded visitor. A good reason why a well-arranged revenue tariff of specific duties raised from the smallest number of articles that will produce the required amount is more safe than direct taxation for the country may be inferred from the fact that Dr. Franklin says that the American people under the old Colonial Government were so immoderately fond of the manufactures and superfluities of foreign countries that they could not be restrained from purchasing them. When the several States and the General Government of our country shall abolish all unwise and unnecessary laws, and cause all that remain to be so plain, clear and positive that no man could long hold office under them without a faithful performance of the duties enjoined by the law: when we, the people, determine that we shall have honesty, intelligence and integrity in all places of public trust, and adopt a civil service to secure it; when a faithful discharge of duties useful to the public shall secure a continuance in place and a suitable pension when worn out in the public service; when these privileges are secured to the people, we may then hope for a Government that all can honor, respect, and obey; it will then be a Government in harmony with the letter and the spirit of the Constitution under which we live."

WENDELL PHILLIPS has a ten-column article in the *Chicago Advance* on the necessity of the Civil Rights Bill. He says the threatened surrender of the supplementary Civil Rights Bill is both "cowardly and unstatesmanlike." "The Southern whites defy the administration," but if they be met promptly, as the President met them at New Orleans, they will skulk away. The Bill is the "capstone and completion of the war's work." The objection that it is unconstitutional comes mainly from politicians and those lawyers "who were steeped to the lips in pro-slavery hate." Since the war our Constitution recognizes no difference between the negroes and other men, and if the American people are forced to arm a second time to defend this principle "they will sweep every obstacle into the Gulf." Mr. Phillips argues that the slaughter-house decision, which is most cited against the Bill, sustains the principles on which it is founded. The Constitutional amendments guarantee to the colored people all the "privileges and immunities of citizens of the United States," and if "rights in juries, in inns, cars and schools belong to the 'privileges and immunities of United States citizens,' or are essential to the 'equal protection of the laws,' Congress may legislate to secure them."

"First—Juries. No race excluded, as such, from the jury-box would consider that it had or could have the equal protection of the laws. No sane man would claim that it had. Hence, refusing a race admission to the jury-box violates this amendment, and Congress can forbid it by law."

"Second—Inns and cars. The Supreme Court, in the slaughter-house case, admits that it is one of the privileges and immunities of United States citizens to travel for different purposes. If, then, the law so arranges inns or cars that the colored race is debarr'd from such travel—travel in the same honorable manner and with the same comfort and advantages that other classes and races enjoy, with the same pleasure and chances of improvement and profit that others have—then this amendment is violated, and such deprivation or insult Congress can forbid by law."

"Third—Public schools. If the supreme advantages of education are so curtailed and interfered with by any law of separate public schools, that other races enjoy privileges and advantages of which the negroes are deprived—as we have shown must inevitably be the case in all separate schools—then this Fourteenth Amendment is violated, and Congress is authorized to secure them 'the equal protection of the laws.'"

If the Civil Rights bill of 1866, by which the negro was granted the right to sue and testify in court, "was constitutional, by the same logic mixed juries, inns and schools spring out of the Fourteenth Amendment." There is no fear that by insisting on mixed schools the Southern whites will be provoked to destroy the school system. They are not strong enough. Besides, the experiment has been tried in Massachusetts, Ohio, Indiana and Louisiana, and no serious results followed. After the abolition of slavery the white man of the South held to his land as a means of "regaining his supremacy, and keeping the freedmen in subjection." But the carpetbaggers have taxed the lands of the anti-reconstructionists so heavily that they were glad to surrender them rather than pay the taxes on them. So the negro has now got land—all he needed to secure his independence—and he will see in time that his rights are preserved under the Constitution. In conclusion, Mr. Phillips says that if the President will make known his intention by act to "enforce the laws impartially, remorselessly and at once," the South in thirty days will be calm and orderly as a Vermont village. If the President fails to use his power "our disgrace will be lasting. The negro's sufferings will soon cease. Before many years he will rule the South as peremptorily as the Irish race rule New York city to-day."

RACY REVELATIONS.—Mr. Greville, who was for forty years clerk to the Council of England, kept a diary, and as his position brought him into personal contact with all the chief personages of the times,

he had opportunities vouchsafed to few of hoarding "racy revelations." Belonging to one of the Anglo-Norman families, he had, independently of his official position, the entrée to the élite society of the day, while his agreeable manners made him ever welcome. In every circle he was a favorite, for, despite his singular reticence, they who formed his acquaintance seem to have unbosomed themselves to him in a remarkable manner. It does not appear, however, that he has betrayed the confidence reposed in him, for although he makes many allusions to private recitals of events calculated to arouse public curiosity, he never reveals them, but contents himself by recounting what he himself has actually seen and heard, and everything he relates bears upon it the indubitable stamp of authenticity. Our readers well know how little we regard Court life, but it is a part of the social economy of the world, and we have been rapidly approximating to it for the last twenty years. Nevertheless, it is impossible not to laugh over the private peculiarities of people, however they may be degraded in our freeborn eyes by their being unhappily born in the purple. Mr. Greville very emphatically declares George IV. to have been one of the most contemptible scoundrels who ever figured in kingly history—cowardly and treacherous, and such an ingrained liar that he scarcely knew truth from falsehood. When he had taken an extra potation, he would make such assertions that his companions would stare in speechless astonishment. One of his delusions was that he was in the Battle of Waterloo, and that he had led the famous and final charge of the Life Guards before which the immortal Imperial Guard of Napoleon had quailed. At one of his royal banquets, when the wine had freely circulated, he openly claimed the merit of gaining the battle by his dashing behavior on that occasion. Count Bulow, the Prussian general, who was present at the battle as well as at the banquet in question, was so astonished at the King's enormous falsehood, that he could not avoid expressing his doubt, whereupon the royal liar had the amusing effrontery to appeal to the Duke of Wellington, who was seated at the table near him, as witness to the truth of his story. The Duke, who did not like to tell his royal master that he was lying, evaded the question by saying, "I have heard Your Majesty say the same thing before." The anecdotes Mr. Greville relates of William IV. bears out his opinion that he was nothing but an overgrown middy, and as a king was merely a burlesque, but there was a spice of good temper about him that redeemed much of his evil nature. The darkest spot in his life was his ingratitude to Mrs. Jordan, but he in some measure condoned this by his fatherly affection for their children, the Fitzclarences. One of these married the Earl of Errol, and he told our correspondent that the Countess—Mrs. Jordan's daughter—once found her father in tears over a letter that he had found in an old writing-desk from the deserted actress. Mr. Greville makes no mention of the terrible tragedy connected with the Princess Amelia, and which was the real cause of George III.'s insanity. Nor does he mention the mock marriage of George IV. with Mrs. Fitzherbert. He, however, says enough to make his reminiscences very unpleasant to many illustrious persons whose sons are still living, and we should think that Queen Victoria would not like some of the reminiscences in these tell-tale volumes.

AFTER THE BURIAL.

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

YES, faith is a goodly anchor;
When skies are sweet as a psalm,
At the bows it lolls so stalwart,
In bluff, broad shouldered calm.

And when over breakers to leeward
The tattered surges are hurled,
It may keep our head to the tempest
With its grip on the base of the world.

But, after the shipwreck, tell me
What help in its iron thews,
Still true to the broken hawser,
Deep down among sea weed and ooze?

In the breaking gulfs of sorrow,
When the helpless feet stretch out
And find in the depths of darkness
No footing so solid as doubt,

Then better one spar of Memory,
One broken plank of the Past,
That our human heart may cling to,
Though hopeless of shore at last!

To the spirit its splendid conjectures,
To the flesh its sweet despair,
Its tears o'er the thin worn jacket
With its anguish of deathless hair!

Immortal? I feel it and know it,
Who doubts it of such as she?
But that is the pang we secret—
Immortal away from me.

There's a narrow ridge in the graveyard
Would scarce stay a child in his race,
But to me and my thought it is wider
Than the star-sown vague of Space.

Your logic, my friend, is perfect,
Your morals most dearly true;
But, since the earth clashed on her coffin,
I keep hearing that, and not you.

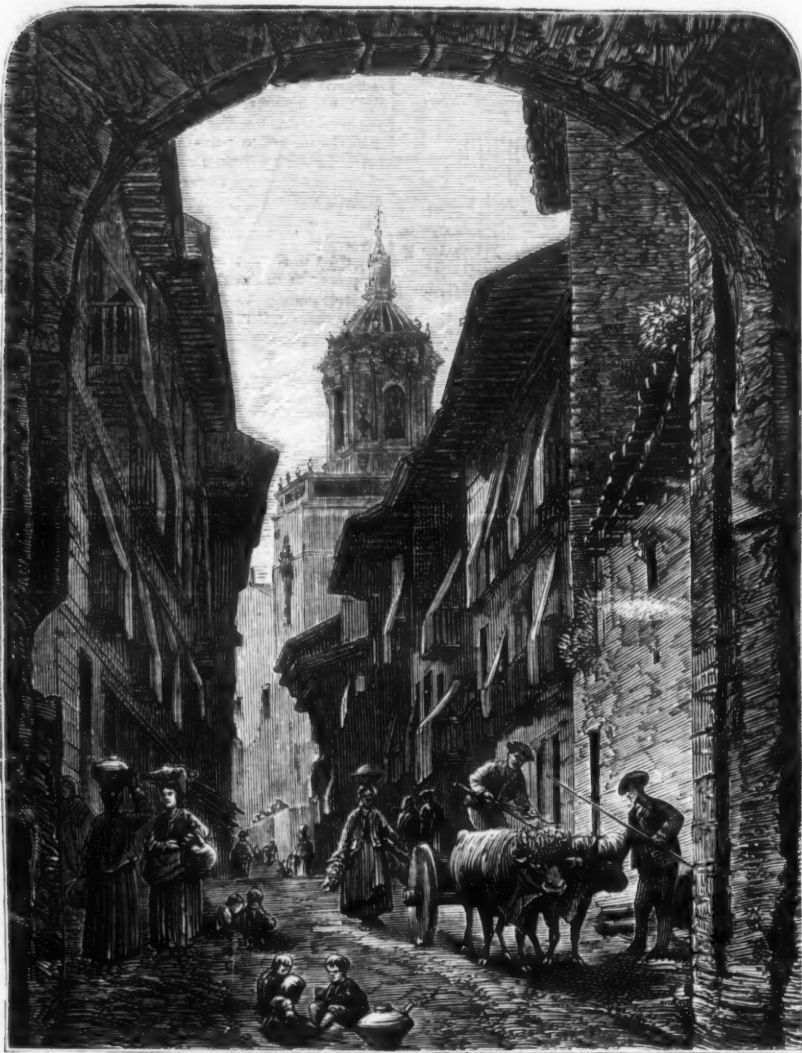
Console if you will, I can bear it;
'Tis a well-meant alms of breath;
But not all the preaching since Adam
Has made Death other than Death.

It is pagan; but wait till you feel it—
That jar of the earth, that dull shock
When the plowshare of deeper passion
Tears down to our primitive rock.

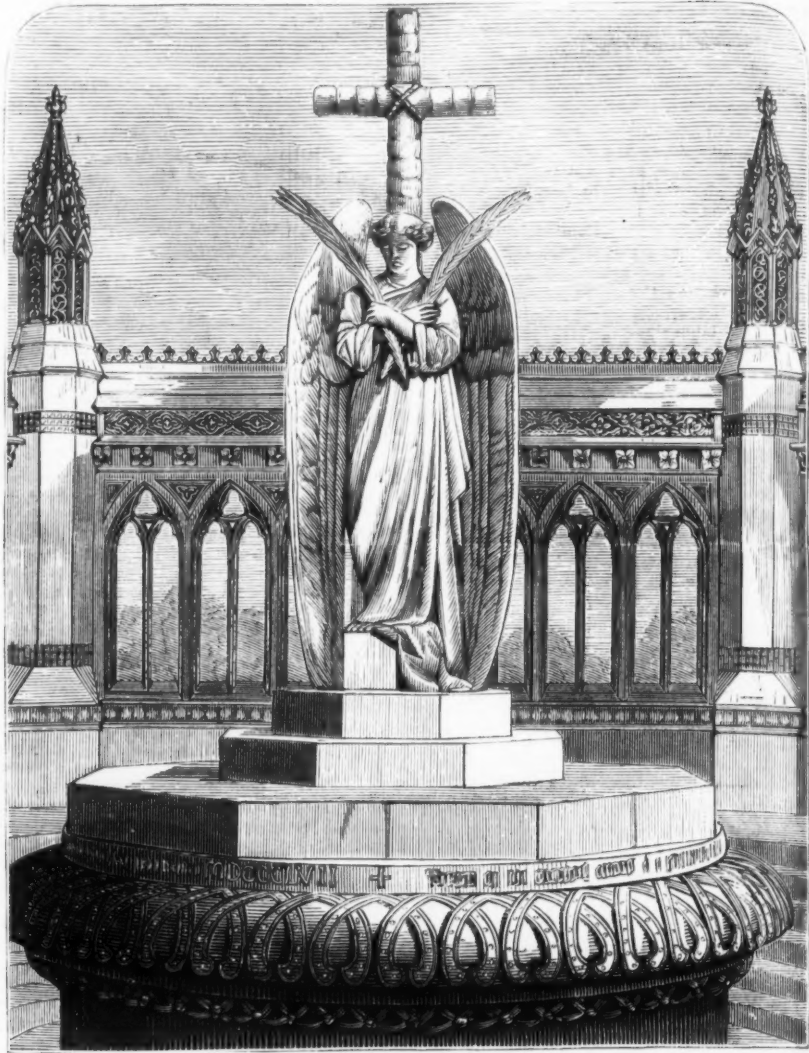
Communion in spirit! Forgive me,
But I, who am earthy and weak,
Would give all my incomes from dream-land
For a touch of her hand on my cheek.

That little shoe in the corner,
So worn and wrinkled and brown,
With its emptiness confutes you,
And argues your wisdom down.

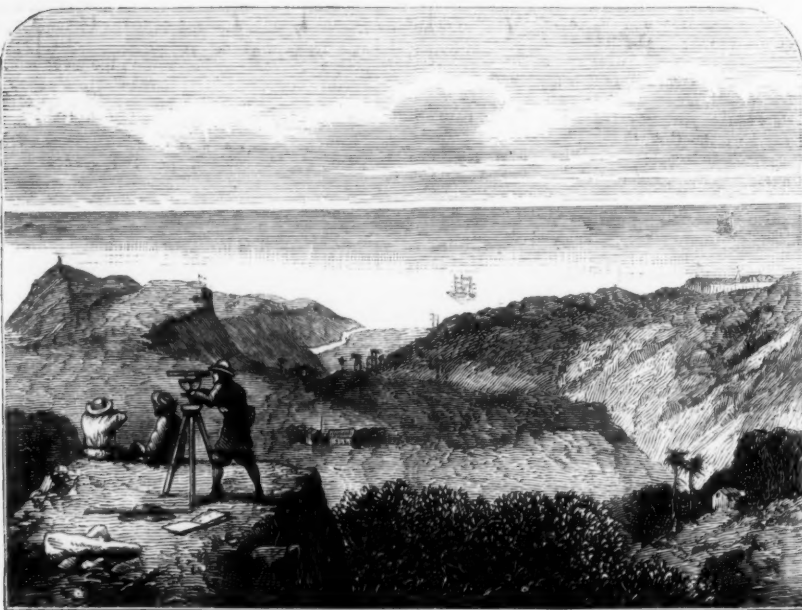
The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—SEE PAGE 207.



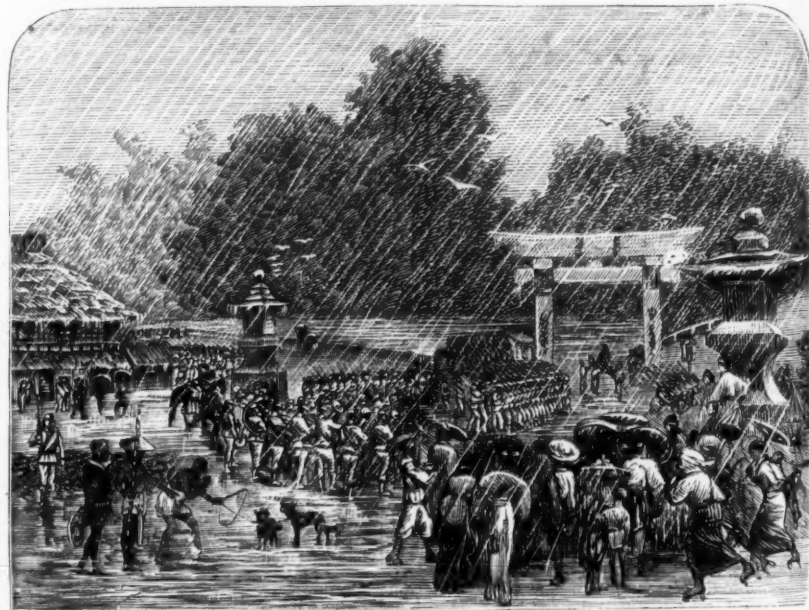
SPAIN.—THE CIVIL WAR.—ON THE FRONTIER.—FONT-ARABLE.—THE CALLE MAYOR FROM THE PORT OF L'ESTACADE.



INDIA.—THE CAWNPORE MEMORIAL TO ENGLISH VICTIMS, NEAR THE SITE OF THE MASSACRE BY NANA SAHIB, IN 1857.



AFRICA.—ISLAND OF RODRIGUEZ.—PREPARING FOR THE COMING TRANSIT OF VENUS.



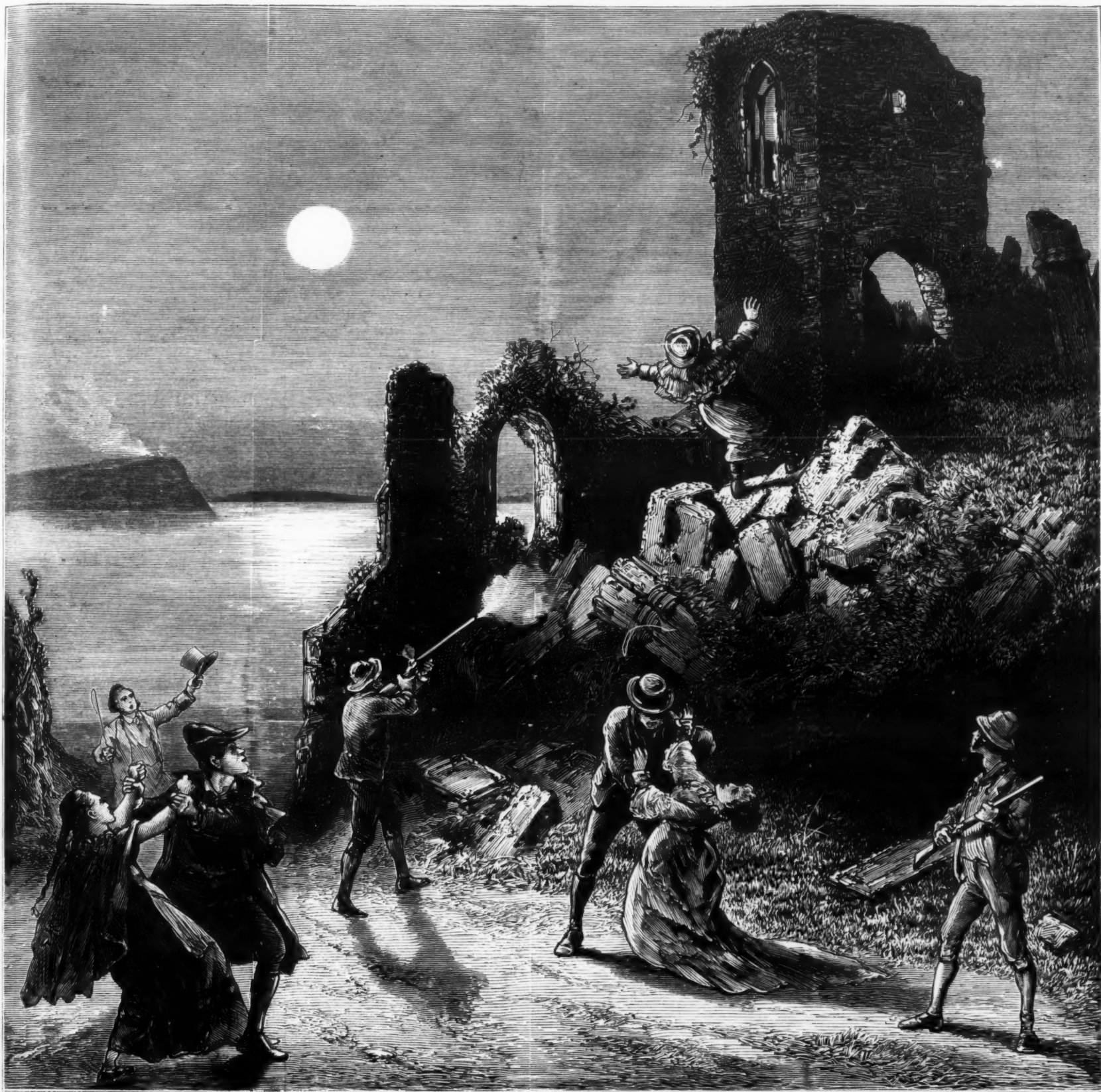
JAPAN.—THE ARMY IN REVIEW BEFORE THE MEADO, AT KAMOUBAEA.



LONDON.—THE GUNPOWDER EXPLOSION ON REGENT'S CANAL.—EFFECT OF THE SHOCK.—SCENE IN A PRIVATE HOUSE AFTER THE ACCIDENT.



SWITZERLAND.—AN AUTUMN TOUR.—IN THE ALPS.—A VERY POOR PATHWAY.



NEW YORK CITY.—WALLACK'S THEATRE—BOUCICAULT'S NEW PLAY OF "THE SHAUGHRAUN"—SCENE AT THE RUINS OF ST. BRIDGET'S ABBEY (PAINTED BY MATT MORGAN) SCENE VIII., ACT 2—THE SHOOTING OF THE SHAUGHRAUN.

WALLACK'S—"THE SHAUGHRAUN."

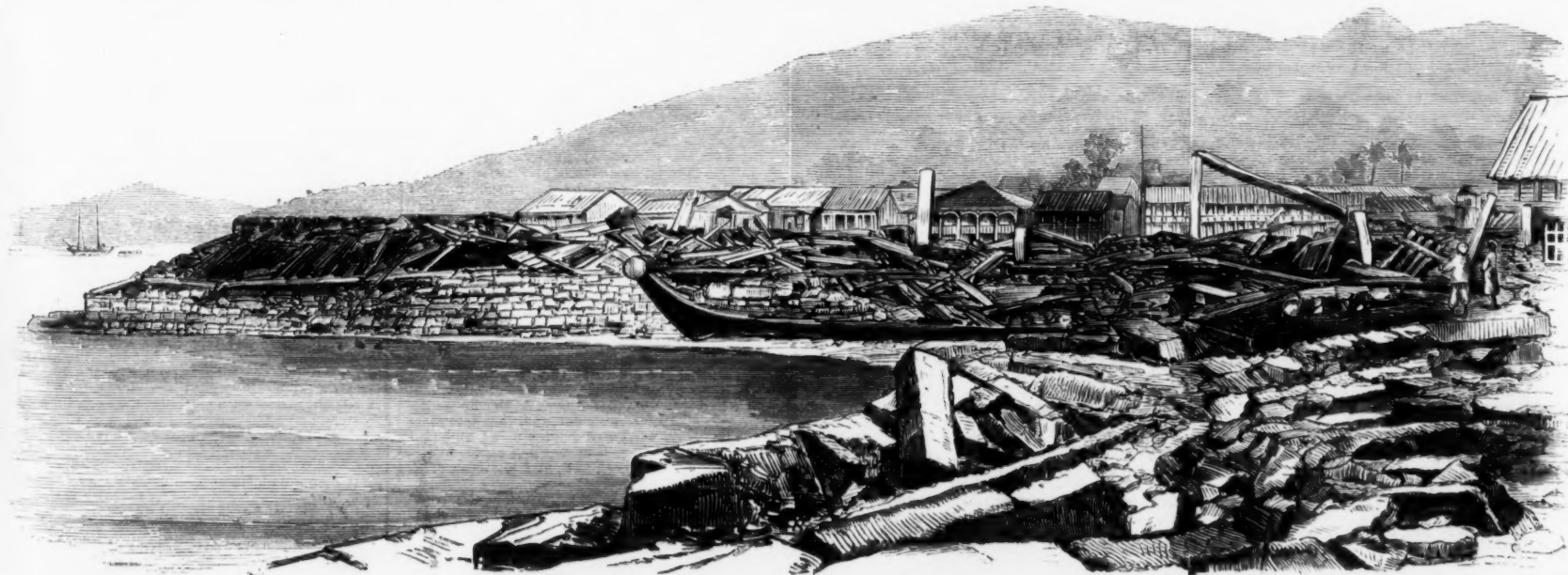
ONCE more Mr. Dion Boucicault, the Napoleon of the drama, has scored a decided success. In "The Shaughraun," now being played at Wallack's to overflowing houses, he recalls all the other delicious romantic stage stories that have flowed from his pen, in that it is like them in merit. The movement of the play is different, the situations

are, to a certain extent, novel; but the same bubbling merriment makes music in the dialogue, and the same wit flashes from the lines. It is evident that Mr. Boucicault wrote the play with that fervor which is the legitimate parent of success, and we can readily imagine that its certain triumph dated from the first dress rehearsal.

The scenery is from the brushes of Messrs. Matt. Morgan, Isherwood, Clare, Morris and Hilliard.

The novel prison effect, "The Gate Tower," a scene which revolves upon the stage, was painted by Mr. Morgan, and elicited round after round of merited applause. The action of the play takes place in the County Sligo, Ireland. Upon the thread of the story of an exiled Fenian, Robert Pfolliott—which character was rather mildly sustained by Mr. J. B. Polk—are strung several beads of love and any quantity of gems of sentiment and wit. Pfolliott hav-

ing escaped from his exile, returns to County Sligo. Captain Molineux, a young English officer, personated most admirably by Mr. H. J. Montague, hears of his landing on the coast, and is in search of him. He is also in love with the fugitive's pretty sister, Claire Pfolliott (Ada Dyas), but when at last his sweetheart's brother is detected in the parish priest's house, duty overmasters love, and young Robert is thrown into jail, being torn from the arms of his



JAPAN.—THE GREAT TYPHOON OF AUGUST 21ST.—VIEW OF THE "BUND" THE DAY AFTER.—SEE PAGE 207.

betrothed, *Arle O'Neale* (Mrs. Jeffreys Lewis). Now begins the quick and thrilling movement of the play. Mr. Boucicault as "The Shaughraun," faithful servant of the captive gentleman, is active in accomplishing his escape, being assisted thereto by Miss *Proctor*, who uses the love the young English officer bears her to lure him from his post of duty while the plot is in progress. *Robert* escapes, and *Corn*, "The Shaughraun," having assumed his master's disguise, is shot at in mistake by the villain of the play. This takes place in Scene 8, of the 2d Act; and it is the picture of St. Bridget's Abbey, also by Mr. Morgan, which our artist has so faithfully sketched. We see *Conn* fired upon as he was running up the rocks. He was not injured, but preferred to sham death, and in the first scene of the third act we have a genuine Irish wake. Such is a faint outline of the action of the piece. Its success is also largely due to the most excellent manner in which it is acted. Mr. John Gilbert, as *Father Flynn*, the parish priest, was excellent, as usual. Mr. Harry Becket had an unsavory part, that of a police agent, but did it well. The rest of the honorees are divided between Madame Ponisi, Mrs. Selton, and Miss Ione Burke.

A LIFE'S ENIGMA.

A NORWEGIAN SKETCH.

"**W**HY sit here?" "Because it is high and pleasant." "But it goes so deep down, it makes me quite giddy; and the sun shines so dazzling on the water; let's go a little further." "No—not any further." "Just back, then, as far as that green inclosure; it was so pleasant there." "No—I say—not there, either," and he flung himself down, as if he either could not, or would not, go further.

She remained standing, with her eyes fixed intently upon him.

"Aasta," then he said, "now you must explain to me why it was you were so much afraid of that foreign skipper who came in just in the dusk of the evening."

"Didn't I think that was it?" she whispered, and seemed to wish to avoid the matter.

"Yes, you must tell me before you go, else I shall never come again."

"Botolf!" she exclaimed; and she turned, but still remained standing.

"It's true," he continued, "I promised you I wouldn't ask any questions, and I'll still keep my word if you like; but then things must come to an end between us."

She burst into tears, and came over to him, with the sun shining full upon her slender little figure, small hands, and soft golden hair, wherefrom the kerchief had fallen.

"Yes!" he exclaimed: "you know very well, when you come looking like that at me, I always give in to you. But I know, too, that the longer this thing goes on, the worse it gets. Can't you understand that, though I may promise you a hundred times not to wish to know about your bygone life, I never have any peace? I can bear it no more." His face, too, did bear a look of long-continued suffering.

"Yes, Botolf, you did indeed promise me to let that thing rest—that which I can never, never tell you about. You promised me solemnly, you said you didn't care about it, if you could but have me, Botolf!" she exclaimed again, sinking to her knees before him upon the heather; and she wept as though her very life were in peril, and so looked at him through her fast-falling tears that she seemed at once the loveliest and most miserable creature he had ever seen in all his days.

"Oh, dear me!" he exclaimed, rising, but then directly sitting down again, "if you did but love me well enough to have confidence in me, how happy we two might be!"

If you, rather, could but have a little confidence in me?" she implored, coming nearer him, still upon her knees, and looking yearningly into his face. "Love you! Why, that very night when your ship had run into ours, when I came up on the deck and you stood there in command, I thought I never had seen anybody so brave and manly; and I loved you from that moment. And then when you carried me over into the boat when the ships were sinking, I once more felt what I thought I never should feel again, a wish to live." She wept in silence, her hands clasped together, resting upon his knee. "Botolf!" then she exclaimed, "be good and noble; be as you were when you first took me, Botolf!"

"Why do you urge me so?" he replied, almost harshly. "You know very well it can't be. One must have a woman's whole soul; though for a little while at first, perhaps, one is content without."

She drew back, and said, hopelessly: "Ah, well, then, my life can never come right again! Oh, God!" and once more she began to weep.

"Trust me with the whole of your life, and not merely a part of it, and it will all come right so far as I am concerned."

He spoke cheerfully, as though to encourage her.

She did not answer; but he saw she was struggling with herself.

"Master yourself," he urged; "run the risk of doing as I wish. Things can't be worse than they are now, at any rate."

"You'll drive me to the very worst," she said, piteously.

He misunderstood her, and continued: "Even if you have to confess the greatest crime to me, I'll try to bear up; but this I can't bear."

"No; and neither can I!" she exclaimed; and she rose.

"I'll help you," he said, rising also: "day by day I'll help you, when I only know what this thing is. But I'm quite too proud to be with a woman I don't fully know about; and who, perhaps, belongs to somebody else."

A bright flush came over her face.

"For shame! If you talk of pride, I am a good deal prouder than you are; and I won't have you say such things. So, stop!"

"If you are so very proud, then, why do you leave room for my suspicions?"

"God help me! I can bear this no longer!"

"No, nor I, either; I've made a vow it shall come to an end this day."

"How cruel it is," she wailed out, "to go on worrying and tormenting a woman who has trusted herself so fully to you, and has begged and prayed of you as I have been doing." She was near again beginning to weep, but, with a sudden change of feeling, she exclaimed, "Yes, I see how it is; you think, by provoking and exciting me, you'll get things out of me!" She looked at him indignantly, and turned aside.

Then she heard him say slowly, word by word: "Will you, or will you not?"

"I will not," replied she, stretching out her hand; "no, not if you gave me all we can see

from here!" She went from him; her bosom heaved, and her eyes wandered to and fro, but mostly looked towards him, now sternly, next sorrowfully, then sternly again. She leaned against a tree and wept; then ceased weeping, and returned to her former mood.

"Ah, I knew very well you didn't love me!" she heard next, and became in a moment the most humble and penitent of creatures.

Twice she tried to answer, but, instead, she flung herself down upon the heather and hid her face in her hands.

Botolf came forward and stood over her. She knew he was there, and she waited for him to speak, and tried to prepare herself for whatever he might say; but not a word came, and she grew yet more disturbed, and felt obliged to look up.

She sprang to her feet instantly; Botolf's long, weather-beaten face seemed to have become sunken and hollow, his deeply-set eyes staringly prominent, and his whole figure monstrous; and it stood over her with some strange influence that suddenly made her see him once more upon the ship, just as she saw him on the night of the wreck; but now his strength was boundless, and it was all turned against her.

"You have been untruthful with me, Aasta."

She turned away; but he followed her, and continued:

"And you have made me untruthful, too; there hasn't been perfect truthfulness between us a single day ever since we have been together."

He stood so near that she could feel his hot breath; he looked straight into her eyes until she felt quite giddy; she knew not what he might the next moment say or do; and so she closed her eyes. She stood as though she must either fall or rush away; the crisis was coming.

In its prelude of deep silence, Botolf himself became afraid. Still, once more he began in his former strain:

"Make everything clear; make an end of all this miserable trickery and concealment—do it here—now."

"Yes," she answered, but quite unconsciously—"so I say—do it here—now!"

He gave a loud cry for she rushed past him, and flung herself over the steep. He caught a glimpse of her golden hair, her uplifted hands, and the kerchief, which spread out, slipped off, and floated slowly down after her by itself. He heard no shriek, and he heard no fall into the water below; for it was very far down. Indeed, he was not listening; for he had sunk to the earth.

Out from the sea she had come to him that night at first into the sea she had now passed away again; and with her the story of her life. In the midnight darkness of that silent deep lay all that was dear to him: should he not follow? He had come to that place with a firm determination to make an end of the thing that tormented him; this was not the end; and now it could never come; the trouble was, indeed, only now in reality beginning.

Aasta's deed cried out to him that he had made a terrible mistake, and had killed her. Even if his misery should become ten times greater, he must live on to find out how all had happened. She, who was almost the only one saved on that fearful night, had been saved only to be killed by him who had saved her. He, who had gone voyaging and trafficking about as if the whole world were nothing but sea and mart, had all at once become the victim of a love which had killed the woman of his choice, and must now kill him. Was he a bad man? He had never heard any one say so, neither had he ever felt it himself. But what if, after all, it were so? He rose; not, however, to cast himself over the steep, but to return to the valley; no man kills himself just when he has found a great enigma which he wishes to solve.

But the enigma of Aasta's life could never be solved now. She had lived in America ever since she had been grown up; and she was coming from there when the ships ran into each other. In what part of America should his quest begin? From what part of Norway she had at first come, he did not positively know; and he was uncertain even whether her family name had not been changed since then. And that foreign skipper? Who could he be? Did he know Aasta, or was it only she who knew something of him? To question thus was like questioning the very sea; and to journey forth to investigate was like plunging into its depths.

Surely he had made a terrible mistake. A woman penitent on account of some guilty thing would have found relief in confessing it to her husband; and one still impotent would have sought refuge in some evasion or other. But Aasta had neither confessed anything, nor had recourse to any evasion, but had sought refuge in death when he had so tormented her. Such conduct showed no sign of guilt. But why not? Some folks had a great dread of confessing anything. Aasta, however, had no such dread; for she had already confessed there was something about her life which she could never tell him. Perhaps, then, the greatness of her guilt made confession impossible! But she could not have had the burden of any great guilt upon her; for she was often joyous—may, even full of fun. She was hasty and impetuous, it is true; but she was also very full of tender feeling and kindness. Perhaps the guilt was some other person's, and not hers at all? Why then had she never told him so? If she had only done this, all would have come right. But supposing there were no guilt, either on her side or on that of anybody else, how then? But she herself had said there was something she could never tell him. And then how about that foreign skipper she was so afraid of? How was it? In the name of goodness, how was it? Ah, had she been still alive, he would still have tormented her! This thought moved him deeply, and made him reproach himself beyond measure.

Still he began again: perhaps she was not so guilty as she herself believed; or perhaps not so guilty as others might have thought? How often did we do wrong quite innocently, and only through ignorance, though so few could understand that! Thus Aasta had thought that he, who was always full of suspicion, would not understand it. Out of one clear, simple answer, he would have found matter for a hundred suspicious questions; and so she had chosen to confide herself to death rather than to him. Why could he never leave her in peace? She had fled from the things of her past life, and sought refuge with him; and then he, forsooth, must constantly drag them forward and fling them in her face! She was truly attached to him, and showed him all love and tenderness; what right had he, then, to concern himself about her past? And if he had any such right, why did he not say so in the beginning? Whereas, the more her affection had grown, the more his disquiet had grown likewise—when she, not merely through admiration and gratitude, but also through love, had become wholly his own, then, forsooth, he must begin to wish to know all about what she had done and been in days gone by. The more, too, she had pleaded for herself, the worse he had thought of her, and the more he had insisted that there was something he ought to be told.

Then, for the first time, arose the question, had he told her everything? Would it really be right for husband and wife to tell each other everything?

Would all be understood if it were told! Most certainly not.

He heard two children playing, and he looked around. He was sitting in the green inclosure Aasta had spoken of a little while ago, but he had not been aware of it till now. Five hours had passed, he thought it was a few minutes. The children had most likely been playing there for long; but he heard them now for the first time.

What! was one of them Agnes, the clergyman's little daughter of eight years, whom Aasta had loved even to idolatry, and who was so like her!

Agnes had just set her little brother upon a great stone, where he had to be in school, while she was schoolmaster.

"Say now just what I say," she commanded: "Our Father."

"Our Father."

"Who art in heaven?"

"Eben."

"Hallowed be thy name."

"Arvid be name."

"Thy kingdom come."

"No!"

"Thy will be done."

"No; s'an't."

Botolf crept away; not, however, because the prayer had touched him; indeed, he had not marked that it was a prayer; but while he looked at and listened to the children, he became, in his own eyes, a horrible wild beast, unfit to come near either God or man. He dragged himself behind some bushes, so that the children might not discover him; he was more afraid of them than he had ever been of any one in all his life. He slunk off into the forest, far away from the high road.

Where should he go? To the now empty house he had bought and furnished for Aasta? Or should he go somewhere further away? It mattered nothing; for wherever he thought of going, he saw Aasta standing there. It is said that when folks are dying, the last object they see is pictured upon their eyes; so, too, when a man awakes to consciousness after doing a wicked deed, the first object he sees is pictured upon his eyes, and he can never get rid of it. Thus, when Botolf now saw Aasta, she no longer appeared to him as she had upon the mountain-slope so short a time before, but she seemed to be a little innocent girl—in fact, to be Agnes. Even the picture he retained of her figure while she was sinking down the steep was that of Agnes, with her little hands uplifted. In whatever direction he turned his thoughts and remembrances of the suffering woman whom he had so suspected, they were met by this innocent child, whom he had just heard repeating the Lord's Prayer. In every scene of his life with Aasta—from the night of the shipwreck to this Sunday morning—the child's face appeared. The thought of this mysterious transformation so preyed upon him, in both mind and body, that in the course of a few days he became unable to take his necessary food, and a little while after was compelled to take his bed.

Soon every one could see he was approaching death. He whose mind is burdened by some great life-enigma acquires a peculiar manner, through which he himself becomes an enigma to others. Even from the day Botolf and Aasta first came to live in that parish, his gloomy taciturnity, her beauty, and the loneliness of the life of both, had been the subject of frequent gossip among the neighbors; and now, when Aasta all at once disappeared, the talk increased until the most incredible things said were the best believed. Nobody could throw any light upon the matter; for none of all those who lived upon the mountain-ridge, or the shore beneath, or who were accustomed to go there, had happened to be looking towards the steep just when Aasta flung herself over. Neither did her corpse ever drift to land, itself to give evidence.

Even while Botolf was yet alive, therefore, no end of strange spiritualistic stories were told about him. He became dreadful to see, as he lay there with long, sunken face, red beard and unkempt hair, growing tangled together, and large eyes looking up like some dark farn in a deep mountain-hollow. He seemed to have no wish either to live or to die; and so the folks said there was a fight for his soul going on between God and the devil. Some said they had even seen the evil one, surrounded by flames, climb up to the windows of the dying man's chamber to call to him. They had seen the evil one, too, they said, in the form of a black dog, go sniffing round the house. Others, who had roved past, had seen the whole place on fire; while others, again, had heard a company of devils, shouting, barking, and laughing, come from the sea, pass slowly towards the house, enter through the closed doors, rush furiously through all the rooms, and then go down once more beneath the waves, with the same awful row as they made in coming out. Botolf's servants, men as well as women, left immediately, and told all these tales to everybody. Hardly any one dared even go near the place; and if an old peasant and his wife, to whom the sick man had shown some kindness, had not taken care of him, he would have lain utterly untended. Even this old woman herself was in terror when she was with him; and she used to burn straw under his bed to keep off the evil one; but though the sick man was nearly scorched up, he still kept alive.

He lay in terrible suffering; and the old woman thought at last he must be waiting to see some one. So she asked him whether she should send for a clergyman. He shook his head. Was there any one else he would like to see? To that he made no answer. The next day, while he was lying as usual, he distinctly pronounced the name, "Agnes." Certainly, this was not in reply to the old woman's question of the day before, but she fancied it was, and she rose gladly, went out to her husband, and bade him harness the horses with all speed, and drive over to the parsonage to fetch Agnes.

When he reached there, everybody thought there must be some mistake, and that it was the clergyman who was sent for; but the old man insisted it was the little girl. She herself was indoors, and heard the message, which frightened her greatly; for she, among the rest, had heard the tales about the devil, and about the company of devils rushing up out of the sea. But she had also heard that there was some one whom the sick man was waiting to see, and must see before he could die; and she did not think it anywise strange that that one should turn out to be herself, whom his wife had so often fetched over to the house before. Agnes's sisters told her, too, that one must always try to do what dying folks wish; and that if she prayed nicely to God, nothing could do her any harm. She believed this, and let them dress her to go.

It was a cold, clear evening, wherein she could see long dark shadows following, and hear echoes of the harness-bells sounding far off in the forest: on the whole, she felt it was rather dreadful, and she sat saying her prayers, with her hands folded together inside her muff. She did not see the devil anywhere, neither did she hear any company of devils rushing up and out of the sea while she rode

along the shore; but she saw many stars above her, and light shining straight before her upon the mountain-peak. Up around Botolf's house, all seemed dimly quiet; but the old peasant woman came out at once, and carried Agnes indoors, took off her traveling dress, and let her warm herself at the fire. Meanwhile, the old woman told her she need not be anywise afraid of the sick man, but must just go in to him with good courage, and say the Lord's Prayer to him. Then, when Agnes had got warm, the old woman took her hand, and led her into the sick-room. Botolf lay there with long beard and hollow eyes, and he gazed at her intently; but she did not think he looked dreadful, and she was not afraid.

"Do you forgive me?" he whispered.

She supposed she ought to say "Yes," and she said "Yes," accordingly.

Then he smiled, and tried to raise himself in the bed, but his strength failed, and he remained lying.

She began at once to say the Lord's Prayer; but he made a movement as though to bid her pause, and pointed to his breast. So she laid both her hands there; for this was what she thought he intended her to do; and he directly laid one of his clammy, ice-cold, bony hands upon her little warm ones, and then closed his eyes. When she found he did not say anything after she had finished the prayer, she did not venture to remove her hands, but just began to say it again.

When she had said it for the third time, the old woman came in, looked, and said:

"You can leave off now, my dear—he's gone!"

RICHARD AND SALADIN.

A SHORT STORY.

LAKE GEORGE lay very calm under the rosy June sunset, and great blue shadows of the mountains lay upon the meadows. From the long low Summer hotel two figures were seen walking hand-in-hand down to the quiet shores. One was that of a man just passing early manhood; a pale-faced, brown-haired, slim man, of medium height, with a dreamy, listless manner about him that denoted his studious habits. Neither handsome nor homely, but with a frank, open face, and a way of looking down at the pathway before him as if he were a man of contemplation rather than of action; very modest, withal, was the bearing of the Rev. David Lonsdale, who had a small fortune of his own; and a devotion to the ministry, not from any sentimental motives, but because it gave him his best work to do. It was whispered of him that he had never been wild; and he never displayed his best qualities to the world. Because he was a critic of literature and music, and could reveal to many minds the secrets of human hope and action, he had won the regard of the fair young lady now walking by his side and calling herself his wife. She was handsome rather than beautiful, with a queenly air, refined and haughty, and with a great black eye that seemed to have gathered its color from the remote depths of night. Hardly of shorter stature than her husband, she looked up to him proudly, as they tripped down the pathway of the lake together, and he was explaining to her the reason why Goethe, in "The Tale," made the green snake a symbol of thought, and turned it golden and luminous when literature came to give that thought to the world. Then she burst forth:

"That is clearer than Carlyle," and she whispered him near by.

This woman, with so many elements of greatness in her character, as yet undeveloped, was living an intellectual life with this man, the Rev. David Lonsdale, her husband. He seemed never to care for the physical life, or at least she could not look upon his rail frame as that of any other than the bearer of a great brain. But she had a physical life of her own; an impassioned animal life that had been subdued by study and the accomplishments of a gentle life. So gently did he lift her into the boat that was moored at the shore, that she could hardly notice it as a physical effort, and she thought that it must have given him pain. They had been married only a fortnight, and still their cooing was rather of a critical kind.

Out into the lake they sailed smoothly and quietly, he pulling the oars without effort, as if any effort and any speed were sacrilege in that soft, rosy sunset. They were talking of Scott's novels, and she was saying that she would have been glad to see the great Richard of the Lion-heart as Scott tells of him in "The Talisman," and he was replying that he was the rather charmed with Saladin's ease and dexterity than with the ponderous muscularity of Richard, when suddenly the dash of oars ripping up the calm waters was heard, and a boat with one man in it shot athwart them. He was a large, broad-shouldered, big-thighed man, with a handsome face, a mass of glossy black curly hair, and a sweeping silken mustache of the same color. As Helen Lonsdale looked at him, she said to David:

"Now there is strength. Do you think he could cleave the iron bar?"

"Yes," replied the young minister, "but he could not slice the floating veil."

"Oh, that you could beat him, David!" she said, anxiously, looking at her husband, with his pale, thin wrists, as he leisurely feathered the oars. "The boats are the same size."

"In this beautiful sunset?" he asked.

She replied only with doubting eyes.

He glanced at her nervously and painfully for a moment, and then, his gentle manner returning, he said:

"Helen, you will never be satisfied until you go with Mrs. Blumber, and see Cicero at Tusculum."

She smiled, and his wit changed her manner. Physics were vanquished by mind.

Richard was shamed by Saladin.

There was hardly a trace of pride on his lip as he began to pull his boat past the Hercules, who was abreast of them. Hercules, however, was not to be intimidated by a slim man with a pale face. His oars gashed the beautiful blue of the lake, the spray dashed up in a fountain before his prow, and his long wake seethed and foamed with his brawny efforts; and as he passed them again, Helen saw his glossy curls and glossy mustache in the rosy sunset, and wondered why the gentle Rev. David so calmly challenged his oars. But David Lonsdale pulled just behind Hercules, out into the waning rosiest of the lake, until two miles had been passed, and the young minister was pulling as calmly as he had begun. Then Helen noticed that he smiled, and bracing his feet against the stretcher, bent himself to his oars, lapped Hercules, got bow and bow with him, and took his way far ahead out into the lake, with Hercules only as a shadow away astern, and the moon coming up to silver the foam that the boat's wake paved across the silent waters.

"I'm afraid you are exhausted, my poor husband," said Helen, half-pityingly, half-exultingly.

"Just a little blown, my darling," said he.

"And the stranger?"

"Blown, too, I suppose."

Then they rowed back to the shore, reaching there just as Hercules landed and said: "I'd a-beat you, only you had a woman aboard." Helen shuddered at his language, but thought his voice was deep, and his mustache very grand. Such glimpses of physical life did the classical Helen get in the silver moonlight by the shore.

In an upper room of the Summer hotel sat Hercules at a table, with a companion less handsome than he.

"Now, Steve," said his companion, "there's them two fifteen-hundred-dollar fellers from the Middletown Bank; them uns come to me."

"No," said Hercules, who was really Mr. Steve Hummison, of New York, burglar and gambler, and known to the detectives as "Big York" and "Pretty Persimmon"; "I'll chuck you for 'em."

At which Steve won, and his companion and he drank themselves into a booze. As the two tumbled into bed, Steve gurgled:

"Johnny, I'm goin' fur the woman of that feller that beat me to-night."

Helen Lonsdale lay on her white pillow, just as dawn was creeping into the room. Recollections of some brilliant criticisms on Hugo, that David had made the night before, were exciting her admiration for the mental qualifications of her husband. Then she began to wonder at the remark of Hercules, and asked herself whether he was not really chivalrous in not beating her frail husband, because a lady was in the boat with him. "But really," thought she, "he could not have criticised my playing in 'Traviata,' as David did," and she fell asleep again. Meanwhile, the Rev. David Lonsdale had risen with the dawn, left his fair young wife asleep, and, with great, long strides, had gone down the road that winds with the undulations of the lake. No prize-fighter could have stepped over the ground more glibly than he; no gymnast have leaped fences with more ease. By-and-by, he came to a low, tumble-down farmhouse, and, tapping at the door, said: "Is the old man better?"

"No better," replied the old lady, who came to the door.

"What was he talking about?" asked the Rev. David Lonsdale.

"Av the earn," said the brusque old woman.

Then David Lonsdale took up the hoe which stood against the cabin, its dirty handle half-lighted by the dawn, and went into the near-by field, and rapidly began to hoe the young corn. So swiftly did he go over the yellow-green rows, that when the sun was an hour high, the little field was done. Then, putting his hoe beside the cabin-door, he asked:

"Is your old man any better?"

"No better, my dear soor, but only a little aised, because he's earn is not a-witherin', soor."

Then David Lonsdale dropped some money into her hand, and said:

"Tell your old man that the earn is hoed."

"An' it may save his life to hear yer words, soor," said the old woman, as the Rev. David Lonsdale strode down the road.

When Helen Lonsdale sat down to breakfast that morning, she saw beside her a thin pale young man, who was her husband; and opposite to her at the hotel table, Hercules (*alias* "Steve") of the evening before. Hercules was gorging beefsteaks in a most vulgar manner, and David, too, was eating a beefsteak in a most gentlemanly and unobtrusive manner, remarking to Helen, by way of parenthesis, that Voltaire was only playing a politic game unworthy of his great genius, when he praised the verses of Frederick.

"Yes," said the accomplished Helen, as her mind came back to her, "but what do you say for Madame du Chatelet?"

"Nothing," said the unobtrusive, modest and intellectual Rev. David Lonsdale.

On the opposite side of the table sat Steve, or "Big York," whom Helen, in her imagination, had named Hercules. To be sure he ate his potatoes with his knife, and sucked his coffee from a saucer; but he was broad-shouldered, and great-thighed, and glossy-mustached, and curly-haired; and she took glances at him, now and then. Her husband sat like a gentleman at her side, and told her that in her piano playing of the night before he had observed not merely an accomplishment, but a sign of genius, if she would wait for him to explain what genius really was.

Hercules's vulgar companion remarked that rowin' was now very good; and Hercules replied that he might have won a race "with a slim-Jim of a feller last night, only he had a woman with him."

Helen began to talk to David about the literary ability of Wendell Phillips.

Two days afterwards, Helen was walking by the lakeshore, David having gone down on some "classical errand" along the road, probably to the parched corn-field of the poor Irishman. Suddenly Hercules, with silken mustache and glossy hair, stood beside her.

"Good-day, ma'am."

No reply.

"I could have beaten you out of your eyes, ma'am, but I wouldn't, because you're a woman, ma'am, and I'm a gentleman, ma'am, and I could a-skunked him in the fist mile."

The liar.

But Helen relented, and said:

"You seem to be very strong."

"Yes," said he, "very strong, and taking care of myself, and knowing a whiffet from a man."

She said never a word, for her physical life was active, and she remembered David Lonsdale's talking only as a dream.

Again she met him, and knew nothing of her mental life, looking only at the mustache and the broad shoulders, and the thick thighs and the sturdy arms.

That night, in her dreams, she saw Rev. David Lonsdale as Hercules, and "Steve" winning a race. "Steve," meanwhile, was arranging with his companion to crack a bank down in Providence.

It was just as the sunset had gone from the quiet waters. The Rev. David Lonsdale was in the cabin of the dying Irishman, assuring him that, for Mary's sake, the corn would bring a good crop. Helen was walking beside the lake, wondering what David meant last night in comparing her music with Byron's verse, when Hercules started up out of the shadows.

It was vain to tell how she met him, and how he told her that "if there had been no woman on board" he would have taken the water of the pale whipper-snapper, and left him in the dark. Nor shall it be for us to say that the physical life of this beautiful young woman gave victory to her accomplishments, to her memory of many beautiful literary images, to impulse bred of criticism, and love begun in devotion.

That night a carriage stood beside the door of the Summer hotel; and as it was driven away, there appeared in it the shade of Hercules and the shade of Helen Lonsdale. She had forsaken the real; she had accepted the false. When, the next evening, the Rev. David Lonsdale returned from the cottage

of the woman who had just become the widow of the poor Irishman, he saw his wife was not in her nest. The classical Helen had fled.

A year is passed by. The scene is transferred to New York City. Rev. David Lonsdale, having resigned the ministry, and with it all hope in human nature, is walking calmly down Fourteenth Street. Suddenly there peals out the alarm of a fire-bell. More from curiosity than from interest, he hastens whither those fiery monsters, the engines, are going; and, reaching a great crowd before a shabby tenement-house, he pauses, looking at the flames as they burst from the windows.

The engines are snorting, the police are shouting, and the streams of water are hissing against the flames. Here and there a ladder is lifted against the burning building; people come staggering down the ladders. As David Lonsdale looks up at the highest story, he sees at a window the form of a woman, clad in rags, and peering down upon the crowd in the street.

It takes but a moment; he has glided up the ladder, standing on the highest round, and lifting himself into the window. Grasping the woman by the waist, he lowers himself to the ladder, while the crowd holds its breath; and, with one arm about his fair burden, and the other holding the rungs of the ladder, he goes down, reaching the street just as the crowd bursts into cheers. There, under the street-lamp, he says:

"Helen, I thank God I have saved you;" and then she replied to him: "David, he has beaten me every day of my life since, and has given me away to his companions. Forgive me, but I chose him."

The flames were leaping higher from the lower stories, licking the eaves of the upper windows, when there appeared in the window from which Helen had escaped the face and form of a man—Hercules. His eyes had been opened from a drunken sleep; his knuckles were yet red with the blood which had come from his beating; his face had the pallor of an abject coward.

David Lonsdale stood under the gaslight, upholding Helen, and regarding the coward in the window above. The flames began to reflect on Hercules's face. Still the ladders were raised against the windows above. For a moment David Lonsdale looked down on Helen's face, lovingly, yet longingly, and then he broke away and ascended the ladder. The flames burst against him, yet he escaped them. He reached the topmost round of the ladder, and requested Hercules to come down. At last the athlete let himself over the edge, and David Lonsdale caught him in his left arm. For a moment the crowd murmured, as if the slim gentleman could not sustain the weight of the heavy man; but the crowd saw, and Helen saw, that David bore the limp body of Hercules safely down the ladder. It was no easy matter. David's weight was not more than one hundred and forty pounds; the athlete's was two hundred. But he landed his burden safely at the bottom. Taking Hercules on his shoulder, he carried him over beneath the lamp-post, and stood him at the feet of Helen. She looked more in fear than in admiration of him; and when he asked her where he should go, she answered never a word, but clung to David's arm. David Lonsdale led her along the darkened streets, into Broadway, and into the doorway of his mother's house in Twenty-fifth Street, Hercules following in the rear. There, ringing the bell, David Lonsdale addressed Helen:

"You go in here singly?"

She replied: "Singly—unless with you."

Then he gave her hand to the lady of the house, and leaving her alone for ever more, took himself to the street, and to the broad shoulders and glossy mustache of Hercules.

TYPHOON AT NAGASAKI, JAPAN.

OUR illustration of Nagasaki, showing the effects of the great typhoon of August 21st last, is from a photograph forwarded to us direct from Japan. This storm was the most destructive, both to life and property, of any that has occurred for many years in Japan. The old town of Decima, which has been occupied by the Dutch for over two hundred years, is a perfect ruin. Some forty buildings were leveled to the ground in the foreign concession, and in the native city they could be counted by the hundreds. Every house suffered more or less.

The shipping in the harbor suffered badly. The ironclad ram *Suwaraku*, lost both anchors and went ashore. Subsequently she made a break in her bottom and went down, but has since been raised and is now in dock undergoing repairs. The steamers *Madras* and *Ping-on*, with steam up and with two anchors down, were both driven high up on the rocks. The sailing barks *Sooloo* and *Bertha* were both dismantled. Some four hundred junks were sunk or destroyed on the rocks, and over two thousand lives were lost, nearly all natives. Many other places in the track of the storm suffered terribly. Our sketch shows a view of the "Bund" (the street running along the water-front), with the great cap-stones from the sea-wall thrown across the street, the ruins of the Custom House sheds and Decima in the distance.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE EUROPEAN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

THE SPANISH FRONTIER.—Very quiet is this illustration of Spanish life and scenery, compared with those we have given in other parts of the country of a more sanguinary phase. The view is indeed sufficiently notable to have been taken a hundred years ago; and yet it is a view of to-day of the Street of the Mayorality in Font-arabe taken from the Gate of the Estacada.

THE CANNON MEMORIAL.—The reported capture of the original Nana Sahib revives interest in the memorial erected near the site of the massacre of 1857. This is a colossal figure of an angel bearing two branches of the olive, and resting against a cross. About the periphery of the base is the inscription of regret and national affection. The memorial is inclosed by a gothic wall pierced with windows and ornamented with composite turrets.

THE TRANSIT OF VENUS.—The astronomical detachments sent out by Great Britain to observe the coming transit of Venus are located and at work. The most interesting post is that upon Rodriguez Island, some 360 miles east of Mauritius, which was selected by the Astronomer Royal. The island is volcanic. The expedition began work in August last, and our sketch shows the surveying party taking the necessary angles for the triangulation of the station.

REVIEW OF THE JAPANESE ARMY.—The new Mikado has made himself so familiar with his subjects, that he has lost much of the awe-inspiring influence of his predecessors, but he has gained far more than they possessed in practical experience. He has appeared frequently in public, and the people know his face. His last public act was to review the troops, who may have to fight the Chinese on account of the Formosan troubles, at Kamouraka.

THE REGENT'S CANAL EXPLOSION.—Our present illustration of this recent catastrophe shows the effects of the explosion on a fine collection of bas-reliefs, china, carvings and articles of vertu in Stockleigh House, North Gate, London, belonging to Mr. Gerstenberg, whose rare specimens formed a sorry mass of ruins.

AUTUMN TOUR OF SWITZERLAND.—We recently gave a view of the Gemini Pass, showing the difficulty incident to turning a sharp corner on the slippery glacier by a party making a foot journey over the most picturesque section of Switzerland. A fitting companion picture is found in the present sketch, where a misstep might cost a limb, if not a life. There are some people who would much prefer studying Swiss scenery by means of these sketches than by making the tour themselves, and nervous folks will say that they are exceedingly sensible.

A STRANGE PEOPLE DISCOVERED IN ENGLAND.

ROBERT OWEN'S dream has become a reality in the New Forest, where an elderly "lady of wealth and position" has assembled about one hundred and fifty men and women for the purpose of having them live as communists. They occupy thirty-one acres, donated for the most part by the lady, and, as may readily be supposed, the large majority of them are from the poorer classes, and were very willing to accept an offer which assured to them easy times and full stomachs. The principle on which the community is based is that rich and poor alike shall give up all they possess for the common behoof; yet one or two persons of means, surprising as this may seem, have joined the community and complied with this condition. No money is used except as a means of buying from the outer world what the farm will not supply, and, as the farm is not sufficiently productive to feed the community, it seems evident that the communists are using up their capital. While the great principles of liberty, equality and fraternity are in force in this earthly paradise, yet "they are subordinate to another principle—that of obedience." The "Mother," as the patroness of the institution is called, is supreme, and her bidding must be done in all things. She assigns the tasks and labors of the day, and at her magic word the whilom tailor must become a cobbler, and the cobbler a purveyor of meat. It will readily be seen that this sort of government will occasion a precious deal of trouble when the lady grows old and childish. The flowers, the sewing, the washing, the house-keeping and cooking are assigned to different departments of the sisters, and everything at present goes like clockwork. All the women, young and old, are dressed in plain bodices, short skirts and trousers, which generally are becoming to them. The hair floats at will down the back. The men dress with the greatest plainness and neatness, and music is the chief art and recreation of the community, which, it should be said, holds no new or "advanced" notion on the marriage question, and therefore is not regarded by the neighbors as immoral and objectionable.

SHELLS OF THE OCEAN ON TOP OF A HIGH MOUNTAIN.

WE received a call yesterday from Mr. S. B. Francis, who has just returned from the great mineral regions of Southern Utah. Mr. Francis brings with him some curious specimens gathered from the top of one of the highest peaks in the Wahsatch range in the vicinity of Kanarrah. They consist of oyster and other marine shells, in almost as perfect condition as on the day in which the convulsions of the earth threw them up and the waters receded from this once great inland sea. These shells, together with crystal agate, are found in great profusion on the surface of the mountain, at an elevation above sea-level of about 11,000 feet, and the oyster-shells look as fresh as if they had but recently been taken from their native element.

About 200 feet from the top of this mountain five distinct veins of bituminous coal, of most excellent quality, have been discovered, varying in thickness from one to twenty feet. The thickest of the veins has been opened by the Kanarrah Coal Company, who are now furnishing the furnaces in Star District, and the ironworks at Iron City. A large amount is also shipped to Pioche, Nev. An oven has been built for cooking it, which has proven a great success, and considerable quantities of coke are sold in the several mining districts in the vicinity for smelting purposes. Fire-clay is also found in abundance near the coal outcroppings, and is being utilized by the smelters and mills in Star District and Meadow Valley. The mines are situated about 240 miles south of Salt Lake, and 20 miles east of Iron City, on the main stage-road leading from this city to St. George.—*Salt Lake Tribune*.

THE CIVILIZATION OF ANCIENT EGYPT.

IN his recent lecture on "Ancient Egypt" Bayard Taylor, said: "In a lecture by Mr. Wendell Phillips, he gives an account of certain arts which he says are either partially or wholly lost. Mr. Phillips might have gone further, and admitted that the question of admitting women to participation in public affairs was discussed by Aristotle. That all the problems of labor that now puzzle men were discussed and understood. The wonderful material development of our age only shows the direction our intellect has taken, not that it has been enlarged. The past is a fruitful soil, into which our age strikes a thousand roots. Ancient Egypt is an illustration because it is just now furnishing us with the oldest record of man's development. Within the last few years a great many things have been discovered corroborating the Bible history, particularly the five Books of Moses. While she was only the shadowy picture of the ancient civilization, Egypt was as grand as she was mysterious. But now, with the light grown bright and clear, and the features of her political system, her religious faith, her social and domestic life and her arts made visible to us, they appear as colossal as those statues which were buried under her fallen temples. Egypt was blessed with a geographical location and soil superior to any other in the world. The possibilities of life were so well provided for that wealth came quickly. It is safe to affirm that her inhabitants were the first of all mankind to reach the condition we call civilization. The first settlement must have been made 10,000 or 12,000 years ago, as the first records found indicate that there must have been a long preceding period of civilization. Menno, who wrote 300 years before Christ, gives us a list of thirty-three dynasties, with the names of the Kings who belonged to them. It has hitherto been thought that the Sphinx was of the same age as the Pyramids, but within a few years a tablet has been discovered stating that Cheops, the builder of the Pyramids, repaired the Sphinx."

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

DOMESTIC.

ANOTHER gubernatorial fight broke out in Arkansas. . . . Katie Pease won the four-mile running race at San Francisco. . . . The strike of the longshoremen in and about New York began. . . . Professor Marsh's expedition to the Black Hills fossil beds was stopped by the Indians. . . . An English company, of a million of capital, in the iron and coal region of Alabama, has just been organized. . . . Santana was delivered to the Governor of Texas for confinement, having broken his parole. . . . The coal-miners' strike in Illinois ended. . . . In Nebraska the State Relief Society are shipping supplies daily to the afflicted districts. . . . Thirty-seven thousand dollars of the money stolen from the American Express Company of Cincinnati were recovered. . . . The Illinois Christian Association held an anti-secret society convention last week in Chicago. . . . President Brooks, of the Merchants' National Bank of Petersburg, Va., was convicted of embezzlement. . . . Demas Barnes was acquitted on the indictment for libel brought by H. C. Bowen. . . . Mr. Beecher's counsel will appeal from the denial of the motion for a bill of particulars in the Tilton suit. . . . Six mercantile failures were reported in New York last week. . . . The Rev. Dr. Nicholson, one of the most prominent Low Churchmen in New Jersey, resigned the rectorship of Trinity Church, Newark, to join the Cummins movement. . . . Much dissatisfaction is expressed in railroad circles with the Saratoga, and it is likely the Erie and Michigan Southern Roads will withdraw.

FOREIGN.

SAKONY has forbidden the practice of cremation at Dresden. . . . Late revisions of the pension list in France show that there are still living 25,000 men who served in the armies of the First Napoleon. . . . Shipbuilders and proprietors of engine-works on the Clyde have decided to reduce the wages of their employees. . . . Peru is taking every precaution to see justice done to the Chinese held under labor contracts. . . . Advances from Asiatic Turkey state that the Government of Syria has suppressed all Protestant schools. . . . The Republicans embargoed vessels at Santander, Spain, to transport troops. . . . Señor Avellaneda will submit to new elections, and the Argentine civil war will end in consequence. . . . A large majority of members of the Right were returned to the Italian Chamber of Deputies. . . . Costa Rica gave indications of a revolution. . . . Russia asked European powers what changes in the protocol of the Brussels Congress are advisable. . . . A Free Mason lodge has been established in Egypt—the land of mystery. . . . England will immediately organize a Polar expedition. . . . Count Von Arnim's trial is postponed until December 9th. . . . The report of the discovery of a socialist conspiracy in Russia is officially denied. . . . Herr Farkenberg resigned the Presidency of the German Reichstag. . . . Lord Derby promised to address a remonstrance to the Porte in favor of the persecuted Christians in Syria. . . . The report that the Khan of Khiva had solicited the aid of Russia to suppress the disturbances in his dominions was denied. . . . In virtue of a recent decree, the pifferari or Italian beggars are shortly to be expelled from France, and sent to their native country. . . . It is said that Captain-General Concha will soon resign or be superseded. . . . Positions around Iran were again occupied by Carlists. . . . King Collee of Ashantee was deposed, and succeeded by his nephew. . . . Darfur, Africa, was captured by Egyptian forces, and its Sultan killed. . . . The U. S. S. *Saranac* is lying at La Paz, Mexico, to protect American miners in that section. . . . The Government of Salvador has forwarded to Guatemala five hundred bags of flour to be distributed among the poorer classes that suffered from the earthquakes of September last.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC NEWS.

CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN played her farewell engagement in Baltimore, Md., last week.

MR. MAURICE GRAC has concluded a conditional agreement with the great Italian actor Rossi.

MISS CHARLOTTE THOMPSON appeared in the title rôle of "Jane Eyre" at the Union Square last week.

J. S. CLARKE appeared last week at the Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, in "Among the Breakers."

At the Lyceum Theatre, the English Opera Company gave "La Fille de Madame Angot" last week to good houses.

MISS CLARA MORRIS appeared before a large audience at the Brooklyn Theatre last week, assuming the title rôle of *Alize*.

"THE HEART OF MID-LOTHIAN" displaced "The School for Scandal" and "Everybody's Friend," at the Fifth Avenue Theatre.

THE San Francisco Minstrels are greeted nightly by a crowded house, and their repertoire is full, fresh and most entertaining.

"THE DELUGE" was produced in Newark, N. J., last week, and drew larger audiences than any of the attractions of the past six years.

Flotow's Opera "Martha" was sung at the Academy of Music, New York, for the first time this season, on Wednesday, November 18th.

MISS KATE FIELD made her debut on the theatrical stage at Booth's on November 14th, appearing as *Peg Woffington* in "Masks and Faces."

VERDI'S "Requiem Mass" was sung by the Strakosch Opera Company at the New York Academy of Music on Tuesday evening, November 17th.

MR. JOSEPH JEFFERSON has drawn all his old friends, and many new ones, to Booth's Theatre to pay their respects to dear old *Rip Van Winkle*.

THE second meeting of the choir of Trinity Parish met in St. John's Chapel, New York, on the evening of November 19th—the singers from four churches participating in the exercises.

It is said that Mrs. Howard Paul has bought from Offenbach an opera bouffe, entitled "Whittington and his Cat," for the moderate price of \$5,000 per act.

MR. RAYMOND has made such a decided hit as *Colonel Mulberry Sellers* at the Park Theatre, New York, that there is no prospect of the "Gilded Age" being withdrawn for many weeks.

THE finest holiday attraction is undoubtedly the "Black Crook," now drawing tremendous audiences at the Grand Opera House. It has been produced under the management of the Kraljics, and is consequently mounted on a scale of generous splendor.

THE engagement of Maccabe at Steinway Hall for the past month and a half has been one of the most pronounced successes ever achieved in New York, by an artist before comparatively unknown to an American public. Although personally we have had several foreign artists who have afforded us a reasonable degree of amusement, we have never as yet known a performer who could so hold the attention of his audience, and keep them thoroughly entertained meantime, as Mr. Maccabe. We trust that his success here is but an earnest of his still greater success in other cities, to whose kindly disposition we cordially recommend him.



WHAT THE CHIMNEY SANG.

Over the chimney the night-wind sang
And chanted a melody no one knew;
And the Woman stopped, as her babe she tossed,
And thought of the one she had long since lost,
And said, as her tear-drops back she forced,
"I hate the wind in the chimney."

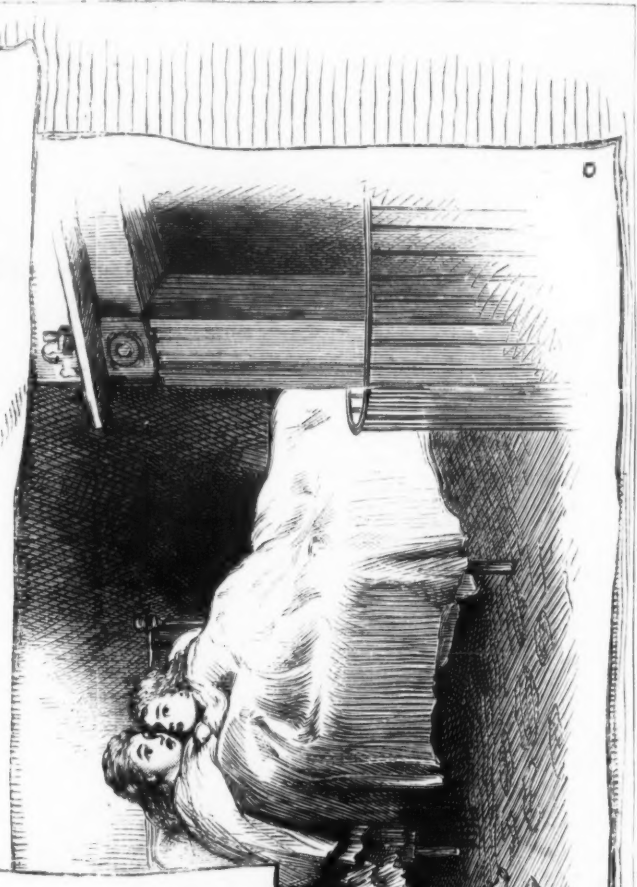
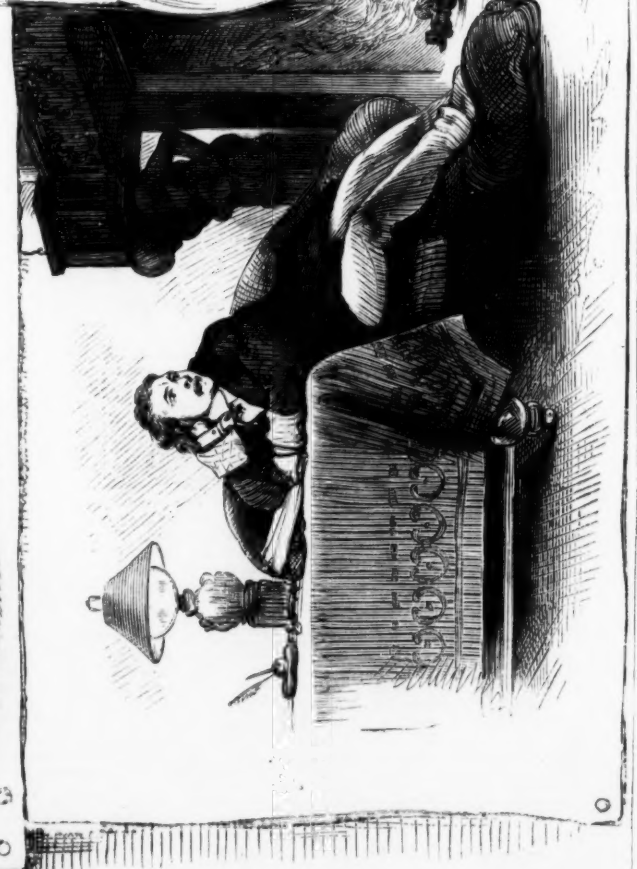
Over the chimney the night-wind sang
And chanted a melody no one knew;
And the Children said, as they closer drew,
"Tis some witch that is cleaving the black night
through—

"Tis a fairy trumpet that just then blew,
And we fear the wind in the chimney."

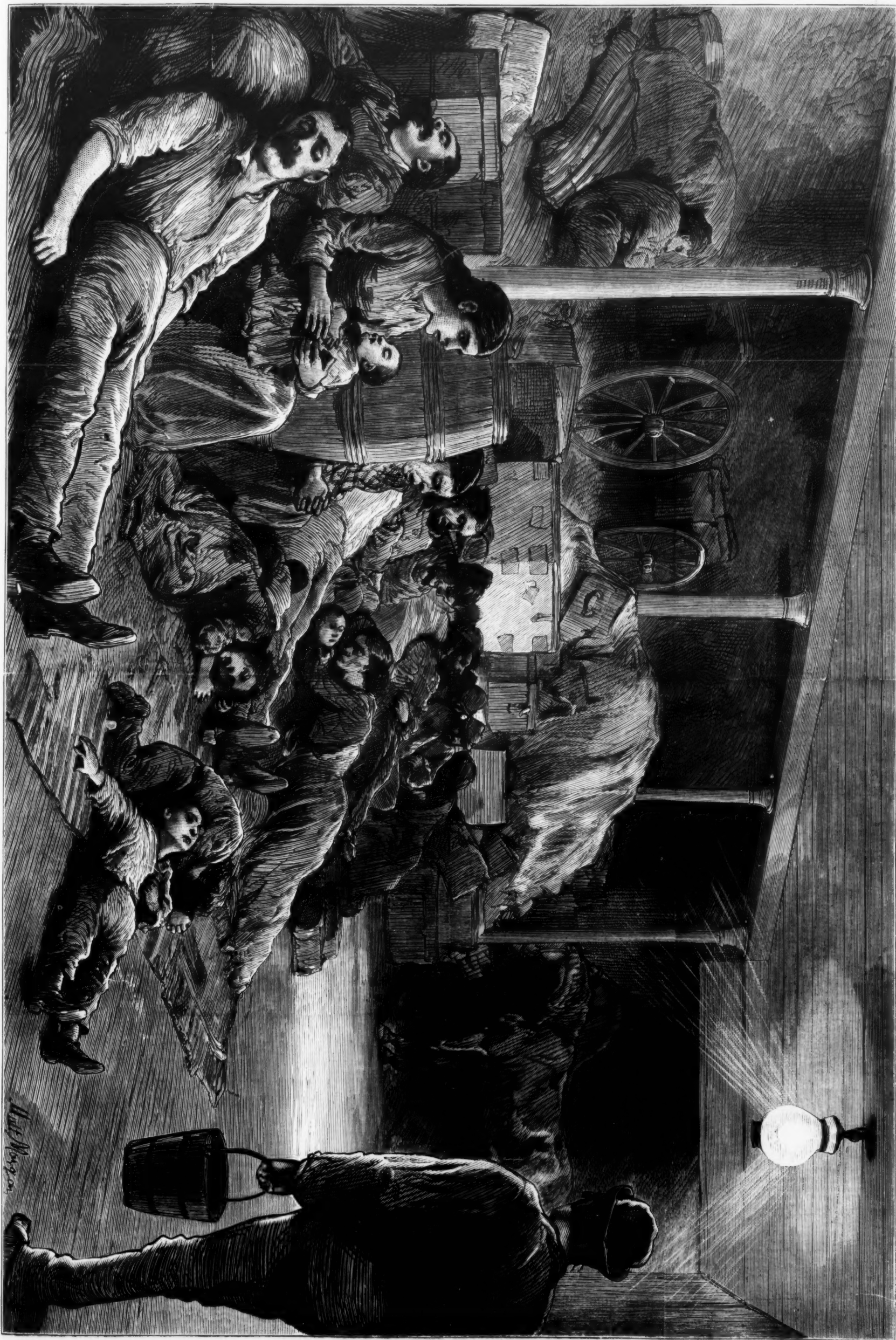
Over the chimney the night-wind sang
And chanted a melody no one knew;
And the Man, as he sat on his hearth below,
Said to himself, "It will surely snow,
And fuel is dear, and wages low,
And I'll stop the leak 'in the chimney.'"

Over the chimney the night-wind sang
And chanted a melody no one knew;
But the Poet listened and smiled, for he
Was Man and Woman and Child—all three,
And said, "It is God's own harmony,
This wind we hear in the chimney."

BRET HARTE.



WHAT THE CHIMNEY SANG.—A POEM BY BRET HARTE.
[Written expressly for Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper.]



DECK PASSENGERS ON A FALL RIVER BOAT, ON THE ROUTE BETWEEN NEW YORK AND BOSTON, VIA LONG ISLAND SOUND AND NARRAGANSETT BAY.—SKETCHED BY JOSEPH BUCKER.—SEE PAGE 214.

WHAT THE CHIMNEY SANG.—A POEM BY DICK LARSEN.
[Written expressly for Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper.]

THE DYING YEAR.

ASTLEY H. BALDWIN.

FAR, far away, there is a glint of crimson in the west,
A roseate glow, as sparks of fire, set in the opal's
breast;
And myriad isles of purple cloud float in a sea of gold,
Whose shapes each moment, changed anew, some beauties
fresh unfold.

The red leaves strew the garden walk; the Autumn
shadows fall
Across the path, in gloaming gray; the whistling
plovers call

Their comrades to the sheltering fen—the stealthy owl
skims by,
What time the white moon 'gins to show her crescent in
the sky.

And rise from river side the mists, and cattle cease to
graze,
And lay them down beneath the boughs; and in the
gathering haze,

The marsh-lights show their glittering sparks of all-
delusive fire,

To lure the heedless wayfarer unto the treacherous mire.

Wet are the last few flowers with dew—the dahlia's
gorgeous crown

Bows heavily its petals bright, with glittering gems bent
down;
The crimson larches gently nod her purple-lined bells;
The frosty nights creep on apace, and the short day-
light tells

Of coming Winter: when the earth shall rob'd be with
snow,
And bare shall be the forest-trees: nor shall there longer
bloom

One bloom of all the blossoms fair that brightened
Summer hours,
Till the Spring shall smile on earth again, and bring us
back the flowers.

AT THE

Sign of the Silver Flagon

BY

B. L. FARJEON.

Author of "Grif," "Blade o' Grass," "Jessie Trim,"

"Golden Grain," etc.

PART THE SECOND.

THIS END OF THE WORLD.

VIII.

"SHE NEVER TOLD HER LOVE."

OLD Mr. Weston, a great magnate in his neighborhood, a wealthy man, the owner of a fine estate, a justice of peace, and what not, had been surprised out of himself by the sudden meeting with his friend, Gerald Hunter, from whom he had been separated when they were almost boys, or at all events before either of them had met with those trials and temptations, the reception and handling of which give the true stamp to a man's character. Our dear friend, Gerald Hunter, had passed through the fire unscathed. His fine, honest nature shone steadily in the midst of every temptation; it never flickered or wavered when brought into contact with opportunity which by dishonesty or trickery could be turned to his advantage at another person's expense. His conscience was a touchstone, and he was guided by it; rogue could never be written on the sleeve of his jacket. That he was occasionally worried by knaves distressed him, but did not embitter him; nor did it cause him to swerve. He was emphatically—to use a phrase I once heard from an American, who was speaking of one he admired—a straight man.

To all outward appearances, Mr. Weston, when he was a young man, bid fair to rival his friend in genuineness and honesty of character; but the result falsified the promise. Money had spoiled him, as it spoils many a thousand men and women every year of our lives, and it is strictly true to state that he would have been a better man had he been less prosperous. I sometimes think what a dreadful world this would be if every person in it had more money than was needed for his requirements. Great prosperity is a heavy burden, and one can keep one's moral balance much better in the storms of misfortune than if all his worldly desires were satisfied; more men are wrecked upon golden sands than upon sterile rocks of stone. So, in course of time, the young man who had won the love and esteem of Gerald Hunter became overweighted by prosperity, and over all the finest qualities of his nature crept a crust of worldliness which hardened and grew firmer with his years.

These changes in character are common enough. I have in my eye now a young man whom I have known for a few years; a meek, quiet lad he was, with a mild and gentle face, advancing his opinions, when he could muster sufficient confidence, with a timid and unassuming air, which seemed to be the natural outcome of a kind and modest soul. This young man, having had a start in life, is fast developing beneath my observation into a solemn humbug, and he is already, with a seriousness which would be laughable if it were not lamentable, dealing very largely in a certain kind of stereotyped milk-and-water religious sentiment which he parades (having the opportunity) with a long, sedate, and melancholy face, with all the authority of a solon, before men and women who have grown gray in the service of the years. If I have the good fortune to live a dozen years, and if I then meet this wretched prig (for I know exactly what he will grow into) dealing out his milk-and-water platitudes, I dare say I shall wonder what has become of the meek, modest lad whose gentle face first attracted my notice, and won my favor.

As in the same way shall Mr. Hunter presently wonder what has become of the frank and generous friend he knew in his youth, and whom he has cherished in his heart for so many, many years.

How, then, to account for the part Mr. Weston played in the interview which took place in the sweet Devonshire lane, where the fairy bells of the feather-grass were swinging to and fro in the clear waters of the brook? As I have said at the commencement of this chapter, he was surprised out of himself by the strange and sudden meeting; old memories had penetrated the crust of worldliness which now overlaid the better part of his nature, and for a little while the present was forgotten, and unconsciously set aside. He found it, indeed, a pleasant sensation to yield to the sweet waves of youthful remembrances which the appearance of Gerald Hunter had conjured up, and, worldly as he was, he honestly resolved to help his friend a little. Still, when, in the latter part of the day, he thought over the interview, he confessed to himself that it would have been much more agreeable to him if his friend had been well-dressed and well-to-do.

Nevertheless, he gave Mr. Hunter a cordial welcome to his house, a great part of his cordiality arising from a sense of satisfaction at being able to

show his friend how well he had got on in the world.

"And this is your daughter," he said, taking Lucy's hand; "I may use an old man's privilege."

When he took her hand Lucy gave a little start of surprise, which only one in the party noticed.

Then he turned to Margaret and shook hands with her. At her own request, she was introduced to him by her maiden name. "I don't want to be known yet as Mrs. Rowe," she had said.

It did not occur to Mr. Hunter that there was any change in the nature of his old friend, as they stood gazing into each other's faces—where lines and wrinkles were. It was one of his tricks to judge others by himself.

"You look ten years younger than I," observed Mr. Weston.

"I have not been harassed by the cares of property," replied Mr. Hunter, with a smile.

Mr. Weston sighed—an eloquent sigh, which expressed, "Ah, you little know how harassing those cares are!" and at the same time a proud sigh at the possession of them.

Then said Margaret, the tactician, after a few minutes' chat, during which she had been acting a part towards the old gentleman:

"You must have a great deal to say to each other, and the presence of two foolish women will not help you."

"I would not hear your enemy say so," said Mr. Hunter.

"Say what?"

"That you are a foolish woman."

"Well quoted, Gerald—well quoted," acquiesced Mr. Weston, gayly.

Margaret made the two gentlemen a demure courtesy, and continued, addressing Mr. Weston:

"As we are to spend the day in your beautiful house—"

"Nay," he interrupted; "you are to spend a week or two, at least, with me."

"Ah!" rejoined the wily Margaret, to make her ground sure; "but you did not count upon an additional encumbrance in the shape of me."

"An encumbrance, my dear young lady!" exclaimed Mr. Weston, completely won over, as she intended he should be—she hadn't been an actress for nothing. "Have at her, with another quotation, Gerald!"

"Thou shalt have five thousand welcomes," said Mr. Hunter, readily, "without the fiveness, Margaret."

"Bravo! bravo!" cried Mr. Weston. "My friend's friends are nine. I shall be delighted with your society."

Indeed, he was unexpectedly pleased with the two girls; they were well-dressed, and bore themselves like ladies—as they were—and this gratified the old worldling.

"Very well, then," said Margaret, with a bewitching smile; "I could not say No on less persuasion. So I propose that you two gentlemen run away and chat, and leave Lucy and me to amuse ourselves, if you are not afraid to trust us."

Mr. Weston, thinking to himself, "Really, a very charming creature!" made a gallant reply, and, taking his friend's arm, walked with him into the garden.

Margaret and Lucy sat or strolled in the balcony which fringed the windows of the first floor of the house. Margaret, in her tender watchfulness of Lucy, had found fresh cause for speculation since her entrance into Mr. Weston's house. She had observed the little start of surprise which Lucy had given on seeing the old gentleman, and she found a difficulty in accounting for it.

"Lucy," she said, "have you met Mr. Weston before to-day?"

"No, Margaret," was Lucy's answer. "What makes you ask?"

"Something in your face—that's all."

There was something in Lucy's face while these few words were being uttered—a blush which quickly died out, leaving her paler than before. This did not escape Margaret's observation, who instantly began putting two and two together. An easy task, some of you may think. You are much mistaken. It is a task which requires, and often defies, abstruse calculation, and where a man may succeed in it once a woman will succeed a hundred times. There are three great discoveries yet to be made in the world: perpetual motion, how to square the circle, and how many beans make five. Depend upon it, if they ever are discovered, they will be placed to the credit of the women.

Less difficult, certainly, than any of these was the task upon which Margaret was at present engaged. But, shrewd as she was, she was far from seeing her way clearly. The sum was not completely set before her. There was a figure wanting.

"I don't quite know, Lucy," she said, "whether I like Mr. Weston."

Lucy looked at Margaret reproachfully. Not like her father's old friend! Why, what could Margaret be thinking about? But Margaret, had she pleased, could have justified herself. She had, or fancied she had, observed an expression of uneasiness and dissatisfaction on Mr. Weston's face when his eyes rested on his friend's clothes. They were decent, but not new; and if they had been new they would not have been fine. This uneasy glance lasted but an instant, but it had made an impression on Margaret's mind not easily to be effaced. "Trifles light as air are in their confirmation strong as proofs of holy writ," and Margaret was a woman who judged by trifles. It is strange that this should be rare, when the waving of a straw proclaims how the wind blows.

It was a lovely Summer's day, and the beautiful grounds which surrounded Mr. Weston's house were bright with color. Every material comfort that could make life enjoyable was to be found within this pretty estate. The house was luxuriantly furnished; the gardens were carefully tended; evidences of good taste met the eye on every side. Noticing these substantial signs of wealth and comfort and refinement, Margaret noticed, also, that Mr. Weston was directing the attention of his friend to the beauty of the place. To her eyes there was ostentation in his manner.

"He is proud of his wealth," she said, and fell again to the study of her sum of two and two. While thus employed, her eyes wandered to Lucy's face. It was very sad and pitiful. Margaret had played the part of *Maria* in the "Twelfth Night," and the words that *Viola* utters came to her mind:

"She never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,
Feed on her damask cheek; she pined in thought."

—As Lucy was pining now. Margaret, from her woman's instinct, knew full well that a secret sorrow, born of love, was preying on the heart of the tender girl, and she was striving to find a way into her friend's confidence, when at that very moment chance befriended her, and the clue for which she was seeking was put into her hands. A sudden flame in Lucy's face, a sudden glad light in her eyes, a sudden exclamation of pleasure in which her misery seemed to die, a sudden uprising of the girl's form towards the framework of the balcony, and the secret was revealed, and the sum was done.

IX.

THE PRINCE APPEARS UPON THE SCENE.

FOLLOWING the direction of Lucy's eyes, Margaret saw a young gentleman walking towards the two old men in the grounds below. He paused, and Mr. Weston spoke some words; the next moment Mr. Hunter and the young gentleman shook hands warmly.

"Ah," thought Margaret, with secret satisfaction, "here's our prince. Now all the rest is easy." She was vainly confident of her powers. "So, my dear," she said aloud to Lucy, "we have discovered the grand secret."

The flame in Lucy's cheeks grew stronger, and she hid her blushes on Margaret's shoulder. "You will not tell," she whispered.

"Not I," replied Margaret, with tender caresses. "But do you know, my dear, you have been making me very unhappy. Keeping a secret, and such a secret, from me."

"Why, Margaret, why? You did not suspect!"

"Oh, no; of course I suspected nothing, being naturally dull-witted, and not being a woman. Well, but now it is all right. I shall know everything—I must know everything, from a to z. If you keep a single letter of the alphabet from me, I shall run and tell them all about it."

There was but little to tell. Chance had taken the young gentleman, Gerald Weston, to the house in which Lucy lived before her father's return home, and having seen Lucy, something more than chance had afterwards directed his steps thither very frequently. I am afraid there had been secret meetings, out of the house; girls and young men will do these things, nowadays. Ah, nonsense! what do I mean by nowadays? Have they not done them from time immemorial? Think of the delicious secret meetings that must have taken place between Jacob and Laban's daughters in the old patriarchal times! And you, my dear lady, whose eyes may haply light on these lines, cannot you look back upon such like stolen minutes? So the two young persons met and met again, and Cupid led the way with his torch. Gerald Weston's love for Lucy was an honest love, and it was not long before he confessed it, and received in return a confession of love from her lips. The simplest of stories.

"But since my dear father has been home," said Lucy, "I have never seen Gerald." And then her joy at beholding her hero vanished, and with sad sighs she said, "He has forgotten me, Margaret."

"That is a discovery I must make for myself, Lucy. I'll wait till I see him closer; then I shall be able to judge. I can tell the signs, and I can read honestly. As for your not having seen him, you darling! how was that possible except by some strange accident, when our dear stupid father never told the persons you were living with where he was taking you to?"

Lucy's face grew bright again.

"Are you sure of that, Margaret—sure?"

"Sure, you little simpleton!" exclaimed Margaret, affectionately. "Am I sure that I am speaking to you now? Am I sure that everything will come right, and that my darling Lucy will be a happy wife before long—as I was once, alas! But never mind me; I've something else to think of, and I must put my sorrow by for a time. Lucy! Lucy! he's coming this way, not knowing that you are here, of course. Well, I declare, he is a handsome young fellow. Shall I go away?"

"No, no, Margaret; don't leave me."

For all that, Margaret contrived to slip out of the room the moment before Gerald Weston entered it. Her intention was to keep guard outside, and to prevent either of the fathers entering and disturbing the lovers. With this design, she stationed herself at the door of the house which led to the grounds, and presently Lucy's father came towards her. Mr. Weston was not with him.

"Where is he? where is he?" inquired Margaret, eagerly.

"He?" echoed Mr. Hunter, smiling at her eagerness. "Which he are you anxious about? The young he must have passed you on the staircase. Did you notice him, Margaret? A fine young fellow."

"Yes, yes," cried Margaret, impatiently; "but I mean the old he. Is there a back way by which he can get in?" Margaret really had the idea of running to the back of the house, and taking old Mr. Weston captive. She was a faithful tiger—a word I use not with reference to building-tiles, but in the Freemason sense. Ladies who do not understand it had best ask a Freemason friend for an explanation.

"You enigma!" exclaimed Mr. Hunter. "My old friend has been carried off by a man of business. He is overwhelmed, my dear, by the cares of property. By-the-way, Margaret, I have accepted an invitation to stay here a month. It will do Lucy good."

"That it will," said Margaret, with a quiet little laugh to herself. "Am I included in the invitation?"

"Of course, my dear. Mr. Weston is charmed with you. You've a trick of winning hearts, Margaret, old and young. But I shall have to run away every night to the theatre."

"Have you told him yet?"

"No, but I shall presently."

"Will you be guided by me? But what a question to ask? You must be. There cannot be two captains in one ship, and I am captain here—absolute captain, mind you."

"Very well, my dear."

"Therefore you will not inform Mr. Weston that you are an actor, and are engaged at the theatre. You will invent some other excuse for your absence every night—or if you are not equal to it, I will invent one for you. No remonstrance! I am captain, and I will be obeyed. I have my reasons, and you will approve of them when you hear them—which you will not till I think fit."

"Tyant!" he cried. "I must obey you, then. But you must tell me what excuse to make. Now we will join Lucy."

"We'll do nothing of the sort. Don't bother your head about her; she is quite safe and comfortable. I accept all responsibility." (Which sounded very like Greek to Mr. Hunter, but he had full confidence in Margaret, and his anxiety about Lucy was lulled by her gay tone.) "Now tell me everything you two old fogies have been talking about."

"Chiefly of old times, my dear. I have heard some strange things from him; he has had at least one very strange incident in his life, and he has—"

"Incline your head, my dear—a Bluebeard's room in the house; a room that no one enters but himself. Now, don't you wish you had the key?"

"No; Bluebeard's room can wait. I want to hear something more. You talked of yourselves and your prospects."

"Naturally, my dear, and each dilated upon the subject nearest to his heart."

"You upon Lucy."

"And he upon Gerald, his son. My old friend has great views for that young gentleman, who has been giving him deep cause for anxiety lately. Ah, these children! these children! how they do vex and gladden our old foolish hearts!"

"Deep cause for anxiety! Dear me! In what way, now?"

"Well, it isn't a secret, Margaret. No, I am

wrong there. It must be a secret, for it is almost a family matter; so I'll mention it."

"But you will! you will!" cried Margaret, vehemently. "I'll not have any secrets kept from me. Now promise me; conceal nothing from me. I am prudence itself, though I am a woman. I must know everything—everything! Have you not yet learned to trust me?"

Startled by her earnestness and vehemence, for which he could find no cause, he replied that he had trusted her with what was dearest to him. Had he not, in a measure, placed his daughter's happiness in her hands?

"You have," she replied, "and I hope you will live to bless the day that you put such trust in me. There, now; you called me an enigma a moment ago. Think me one, if you like, but you will know better by-and-by, and you will find there's method in my madness. I tell you that as you value what you have intrusted me with, you must hide nothing from me." Seeing still some signs of irresolution in him, she stamped her feet impatiently, and said, "I should not expect even Mr. Nathan to treat me as you are treating me, and there would be an excuse for him while there's none for you, for he belongs to a stiff-necked race. You are a thousand times worse than he. I ask you again—can't you trust a woman who loves you as I do?"

He was overcome by her torrent of words. "You will have your own way, I see. I yield."

"Now you are sensible again. Well, then, as you were saying—the young gentleman has been giving his father deep cause for anxiety lately. A love affair, of course."

"You are a witch, Margaret," said Mr. Hunter, admiringly.

"You see, I know things without being told. Go on."

"It seems, my dear, that young Gerald—I love the young fellow already, Margaret—has entangled himself in some way; that is to say, he has entertained some sort of a fancy for a young girl far below him in station—"

"Stop! Are these your words, or your friend's?"

"My friend's."

"I am glad to hear that. Some sort of a fancy, indeed, for a girl below him in station! Oh, if I— but go on, go on!"

"And in every way unworthy of our Gerald—"

"His words again?"

"His words again."

"Wait a moment—let me get my breath."

Margaret, indeed, required time to cool herself. Had Mr. Weston witnessed her condition at this moment, he would have said, "The young person I thought so charming has certainly an ungovernable temper." She turned presently to Mr. Hunter, and bade him proceed.

"But fortunately," continued Mr. Hunter, much perplexed by Margaret's proceeding, "the little affair has come to an end by the sudden disappearance of the young lady."

"Indeed! The little affair has come to an end, has it? Pray, did your friend mention the name of the young lady?"

"He doesn't know it, Margaret. In consequence of some warm words used by his father, the young scapegrace wouldn't disclose her name. They had a little bit of a quarrel over it. 'Let me take you to her,' said young Gerald; 'and you will see that she is goodness and modesty itself.' The father flatly refused to see her. 'In that case,' said Gerald, 'I will not even mention her name to you unless you consent to receive her here as your daughter.'"

"Bravo, young Gerald!" cried Margaret, with nods of approval; "bravo! I begin to like you. If you were here, I would throw my arms around your neck and kiss you."

Mr. Hunter stared at her; Margaret laughed at him.

"You think I am going out of my senses, I dare say; but your story isn't finished yet."

"Yes, it is. The sudden disappearance of the young lady finishes it."

"It isn't finished, I say," said Margaret, gayly; it is only the end of the first chapter, and is to be continued in our next. Shall I turn over the page?"

"Well, you are right, Margaret; it isn't finished. There's the other young lady to be brought into the story."

"The other young lady!" exclaimed Margaret. "Oh, the Don Juan!"

"You don't understand. I mean the young lady the father intends Gerald to marry. A young lady of fortune, Margaret, with great family influence, and I don't know what all. But putting her out of the question—"

"Put her out, by all means. I'll see to that. A young lady of fortune, indeed!"

"There's something still, I have not told you. My old friend asked for my opinion as to whether he had acted rightly."

"Which opinion," interrupted Margaret, eagerly and vivaciously, "you didn't give."

"I did, in one way. He put it to me in this fashion: 'Gerald,' he said, 'say that it was your daughter—he was only putting a supposititious case, Margaret—say that it was your daughter my boy had fallen in love with, or taken a fancy to, I am sure you would not allow her to receive his attentions against the wishes of his father; I am sure you would not allow her to marry him unless he obtained his father's consent.' Well, Margaret, knowing that all my old friend's hopes and aspirations are bound up in his boy, and knowing that my Lucy's happiness was not involved in this imaginary case (see how selfish we old fathers are, my dear!) I said that I certainly would not allow my daughter to marry his son without his consent."

Margaret threw up her arms in dismay. "You said what?" she cried.

"Yes, my dear. He rather pressed me for an answer, and I gave it in decided terms, to soothe him, for he was much agitated.—What is the meaning of that expression in your face, Margaret? For heaven's sake don't torture me any longer with mystery!" He turned from her with quivering lips and moistening eyes as he made his appeal.

"I don't want to torture you!" exclaimed Margaret; "but I can't help my face telling what is in my heart—that is, when I am taken off my guard, as I am at this moment. Why, oh, why did you give that promise? Why did I let you out of my sight? No man is fit to be trusted alone—no man, no man! If I hadn't left my Philip's side, on that fatal night, we should have been together to-day. My darling! my darling!" Her tears began to flow here, but she checked them sternly, and said, "I mustn't wander. I have something else to think of—something else to do. I have to repay you for all your goodness to me and him, and, if a living woman can do it, I will. Courage, Margaret, courage! Set your wits to work, and prove yourself a match for a hard-hearted old worldling." She paced to and fro in her excitement, and Mr. Hunter waited with growing impatience for a explanation. She gave it him presently. "Listen. The girl for whom your old friend's son entertains some sort of a fancy—"

"Yes, yes, Margaret."

"And who is far below him in station, and in every way unworthy of him—"

"Yes, yes; go on."

"Yes, yes; go on."

"Yes, yes; go on."

"Yes, yes; go on."

"Yes, yes; go on."

"Yes, yes; go on."

"Is your daughter—Lucy—is our darling girl, Lucy, whose heart has been very nearly broken because she feared her lover had deserted her."

X.

GERALD AND LUCY.

MARGARET was not prepared for the manner in which her words were received by Mr. Hunter. She thought he would have been dismayed and staggered at the disclosure, and she was ready to comfort him and instill courage into him. But the radiant face that met her eyes astonished her.

"Why, then," cried Mr. Hunter, with bright looks and in a blithe tone, "all is well—all is well. If your news is true—"

"It's true," she said, in calm wonderment; "they are together now. I came to the door to keep guard, so that no one should disturb them."

"Then am I the happiest man and the happiest father in Christendom! Why, Margaret, if I had been asked which man in all the wide world I should wish my daughter to marry, I should select the very man who has won her heart. God bless them! God bless them! Now, indeed, my mind is at rest, and I care not what happens to me. My business with the world is over. All is well with Lucy. We shall see the roses on her cheeks again, my dear—we shall, we shall! Kiss me, Margaret, and wish me joy."

She kept him back with her hand, and in her eyes dwelt a look in which pity and admiration were equally blended.

"It is my turn now," she said, "to ask for an explanation."

"An explanation of what, my dear? Is not everything as clear as the noonday sun, as bright as the beautiful day? Ah, it is a good world, a good world! Thank God for it, and for the happiness this day has brought to me!"

"It would be ungenerous of me to pretend to misunderstand you," said Margaret, in a gentle tone. "You think there are no difficulties in the way of Lucy's union with Gerald."

"Think!" he exclaimed, in a reproachful tone. "Nay, am I not sure that matters could not have turned out more happily? Difficulties, my dear child! What difficulties? Here are we two old men who pledged our faith to each other when we were young—who exchanged vows—who were and are the most faithful of friends—who, if circumstances had not parted us, would have walked hand in hand through life, cheering, consoling, encouraging each other. There is no envy in our friendship, and no selfish feeling mars it. How often in my wanderings have I thought of him! How often have I lived the old days over again, and recalled the memories of the happy times we spent together! Margaret, I think that even love pales before the beauty of a faithful friendship. There is something holy in it; it is a pure sentiment fit for the hearts of angels. You cannot conceive what comfort and consolation the mere memory of the friendship between me and Richard Weston has brought to me; it has brightened hours which otherwise would have been very dark to me. And now, when we are old men, and after so long a parting, are so strangely reunited, our children fall in love with each other. One might almost say it is the reward of faithfulness."

So spoke the old man, whom the world's trials and disappointments had been unable to sour. And Margaret felt humbled and abashed as she listened to this noble outburst, and even as she listened she debated within herself whether she should plunge the dagger of doubt into his heart.

"We should change places," she said; "you are younger than I. I am old, calculating, unbelieving; you are young and trustful. Ah, if men and women were all like you, how much better and happier the world would be! Where you see cause for joy, I see cause for sorrow. Where you believe, I doubt. Your heart's like a bank of sweet moss, where fresh flowers are always growing; mine is a heart of flint. Dear friend! I love you more every day that I know you."

"Pleasant words to hear, dear child; but you shall not do yourself an injustice. I will not have you speak in such terms of yourself. You must work yourself out of this sad humor, for my sake, for Lucy's sake. Believe me there is sweetness in life for you yet, my dear, notwithstanding your great sorrow. All is clear sailing before us now. Lucy and Gerald will marry, you will go to The Silver Flagon, and take your proper place as Mr. Rowe's daughter, and we shall all live pleasantly together."

"How happy I should be if things turned out in that way!" exclaimed Margaret, having now resolved upon her course of action. "But in the meantime you will not take the helm out of my hands. I am still captain, and I'll have no mutinying. So I give you this order: Not a word of what we have said must pass your lips, nor must you speak upon this subject to any person but me, for at least a fortnight from this day."

"But why, my dear—why?"

"I will not be questioned. I want to make sure; the stake is a serious one, and we must not run the risk of losing by acting rashly. Least of all, must you whisper a word to old Mr. Weston—"

"You mistrust him, Margaret, I can see that clearly; but you are mistaken in him."

"I fervently hope I may be. At all events, I have made up my mind that I will be obeyed in this matter. Let things work their way naturally."

"But if Gerald or his father speaks to me about Lucy?"

"That will alter the case entirely; then you will act according to your own judgment."

It required, however, a great deal of coaxing from Margaret before Mr. Hunter would agree to her stipulation. But in the end she had her way, as most women have when they are resolved upon it.

Later in the day Margaret said to Mr. Weston, "You do not know, I suppose, that we met an old friend almost on the first day of our arrival in Plymouth?"

"No," he replied, "I have not heard of it."

"We did; and Mr. Hunter has business with him every night for two or three weeks, which will deprive us of his society from seven o'clock in the evening. That is a pity, isn't it?"

"Yes," said Mr. Weston; "but your presence will be some compensation."

"That is a very gallant speech. Upon my word, I think only old gentlemen know how to pay a graceful compliment to a lady."

In this way she tickled Mr. Weston's vanity, and contrived to account for Mr. Hunter's absence during the night, without disclosing the cause. Margaret, indeed, was in her element, and every moment of her time was busily occupied now in wheedling Mr. Weston, now in screening the proceedings of Lucy and Gerald from the old gentleman's observation. "I am the watchdog," she said to herself. She waited for a fitting opportunity to speak to Gerald privately about Lucy, and also concerning another matter: the letter which poor Philip had given into the charge of Mr. Hunter, and which she had requested him to give her.

An hour with Gerald had made a wonderful change in Lucy; all her sadness was gone, and the

joy of her heart was reflected in her face. She introduced Gerald to Margaret, and said:

"You must love her, Gerald; she's my dearest friend."

"Do you hear, sir?" cried Margaret, merrily. "You are to love me."

"It will not be difficult to do that," he replied, "after what Lucy has told me about you. But how wonderful all this is! I have not yet recovered from my astonishment."

"Lucy," said Margaret, "will you spare Gerald for half an hour? I have something very particular to say to him."

Lucy smiled an assent, and Margaret, taking Gerald's arm, bade him lead her somewhere where they could flirt undisturbed. He led her to a retired part of the garden:

"No one will disturb us here," he said, wondering what this strange young lady could have to say to him. If he had entertained any idea that she was serious in asking him to flirt with her he was soon undeceived. They were no sooner alone than all her light manner vanished, and a sad expression came into her face.

"I am going to confide a secret to you," she said. "I may, with confidence, may I not? What I speak to you now you will not speak of without my permission?"

"Certainly not, if you desire it," he replied, wondering more and more.

She paused for a moment, to master the emotion she experienced at the very thought of Philip, of whom she was about to speak.

"Don't think my questions strange," she said; "you will understand them soon. You have been to college?"

"Yes."

"To Cambridge?"

"Yes."

"You had friends there?"

"Yes."

"Among those friends was there one who went from England—"

"Of whom do you speak?" asked Gerald, in an agitated tone. "I had a friend who went from us suddenly—a friend whom I loved more than all the others."

"Oh, my heart! Nay, do not mind me. Speak his name."

"Philip Rowe. Good heavens! what have I said?"

He caught her sinking form; the sound of the loved one's name had overcome her for a moment.

"I shall be better presently. Oh, Philip, my darling! He was my husband, Gerald, and often spoke of you with love and affection; she could not proceed for her tears."

"Was your husband?" he echoed.

"He is dead—my darling, your friend, is dead. Keep close to me; I shall soon be well. And you loved him more than all the others! Bless you for saying that! But who could help loving that noble heart? I will tell you all by-and-by; these words between us are in sacred confidence until I unseal your lips. This is yours; see, it bears your name."

She gave him the letter, and, hungering to see her Philip's writing, she looked over his shoulder when he opened it. There was no writing inside. Gerald drew out a packet of bank-notes, which he held in his hand with a bewildered air. They looked at each other for an explanation.

"Nay, it is you that must unriddle it," said Margaret.

He counted the notes; they amounted to a large sum—four hundred pounds. Margaret saw by a sudden flash in Gerald's eyes, that he could explain the mystery. After much persuasion, he told her briefly that when he and Philip were at college together he had signed bills for Philip for four hundred pounds, which he had to pay.

"My Philip repays you now," said Margaret, in a grateful tone. "And yet, when I spoke of him, you used no word of reproach towards him; others, to whom he might have owed the money, would not have been so forbearing."

"He was my friend," said Gerald, "and I loved him. Poor, dear Philip!"

She kissed his hand; and then proceeded to speak of Lucy.

"And now, about Lucy," she said. "If your father knew that you loved the daughter of his oldest friend, would he give his consent to your union?"

The words in which he answered her were a sufficient confirmation of her fears.

"Lucy and I can marry without my father's consent."

The voice of Mr. Weston himself, who had approached them unseen, suddenly broke up their conference.

"Don't lose your heart to him," said the old gentleman to Margaret; "he hasn't one to give you in return. See how the rascal blushes!"

I was making love to him," said Margaret, archly; "but, as you tell me it is of no use, I had better employ my time more profitably."

And she took the old gentleman's arm, and straightway commenced to flirt with him in the most outrageous manner.

(To be continued.)

THE GRAVE OF ST. PATRICK.

"ONE matter which I think will impress most strangers with a feeling of disappointed surprise," says a writer, "is a visit to Downpatrick. It is neither the city itself, nor the fine substantial cathedral on the hill, that evoke this feeling. They are well enough—trim, thriving, comfortable-looking, on the whole, and need not fear comparison with other cathedrals or cathedral cities of Ireland. But something more than disappointment, something like indignant surprise, takes possession of one on being led up to what is said to be held sacred as the grave of St. Patrick, and which as such is visited, I am told, by multitudes of American strangers every year. It lies in the highest and most central position in the otherwise decently kept churchyard surrounding Downpatrick Cathedral, and is the one spot of earth in the whole place that appears given up to complete neglect and desecration. Around are graves and grave-stones, ancient and modern, all well-ordered and neatly kept, some showing the recent touch of hands directed by loving care, while the one which strangers would have expected to find most honored and revered is the only dishonored grave among them all. The unsightly-looking hole, unmarked by cross or slab, now half filled with loose rubble of broken bricks, stones and earth, is a disgrace to the people of Down, who, be they Protestants or Catholics in that they claim to be Christians, have an equal right to honor the resting-place of the faithful, fearless preacher of Christianity, who was the first to bring the Gospel of Truth into Ireland, the first to introduce the dawn of civilization among her then wholly barbarous princes and people, and whose feet first touched the Irish soil upon the shores of the County Down. I shall feel proud, indeed, if these observations will lead any one belonging to the neighborhood, or the county, to take some interest in this matter."

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE THERMOSCOPE, invented by Professor Barker, of the Franklin Institute, is a meritorious and humane device. As its name implies, it is a machine to measure heat. It is affixed to "journals," that is, where axes of steel revolve in boxes of brass. If the motion of the machine becomes too rapid for safety, the indicator—composed of an amalgam of mercury—turns from red to black. The engineer then sees and knows that there is danger ahead. He checks the motion, and the black turns red again. Such is the invention. The art is still a secret.

GOLD HUNTERS' RISKS.—A story for the times appears in a recent issue of the *Liverpool Post*, in a letter from an English emigrant, narrating the terrible hardships and sufferings of the adventurers who were induced by glowing reports to go to the Palmer (Australia) gold-diggings. The writer was slowly recovering from a deadly attack of fever, and considered himself fortunate to have escaped alive. On their way to the mines they were nearly shipwrecked, and had to throw overboard seventy-six horses. Finally, however, the mines were reached, and in one day the writer secured \$22 worth of gold, and the fever. After being confined in bed for ten days he started to walk to the nearest seaport, a distance of 200 miles. His only provisions were six pounds of flour and four ounces of tea. On the way he counted many fresh graves, and all made since he went up the road two weeks before. Some traveling alone had lain down and died, and their bodies, if not too far decomposed, were buried by the next travelers. Of those who went to the mines, hundreds perished; some by starvation, some by drowning, some at the hands of the natives, but most by disease. The trip cost the writer £140, and all he realized was the £4 18s, panned off on the first day.

A TESTING MACHINE is to be employed at the next London International Exhibition, to ascertain the specific qualities of all the various building materials in present use—the principle upon which the apparatus is constructed being one well understood, namely, that the best kind of hydraulic machines are so contrived that a precise force which is exerted by the water is shown by a delicately adjusted steel-yard. Specimens of great length and large scantling can be taken into this machine. The powerful force available is equal to the destruction of these different specimens, and the construction of the registering arrangement is such as to indicate with perfect accuracy the force exerted at any moment, and the deflections it occasions. It is proposed to conduct this series of experiments on a scale and with a nicety sufficient to insure trustworthy and useful results. The plan includes the behavior of huge beams of various woods under breaking and thrusting strains; of rolled iron joists, flitch girders, stone steps and stone landings, under breaking strains; of stone columns and cubes of stone, from various quarries and variously bedded, under thrusting strain; the resistance of piers of brick-work, and of bricks of many different kinds, to a similar strain; and the resistance of cement to a tensile strain. It is proposed to try not fewer than three similar specimens of each sort.

SINGING FISHES.—Our readers will remember the story of the old lady who, when her roguish sailor son told her that he had seen mountains of sugar and rivers of rum, and in cruising in the Red Sea had drawn up a wheel of Pharaoh's chariot, believed every word. When, however, he described the flying-fish, she at first manifested utter skepticism. Every one knows that there are flying fish, but not a few will be surprised to know that there are also singing ones. Aristotle indeed recorded the fact; certain Ceylonese mollusks have been known to make music not unlike the notes of an Aeolian harp, and the flat fish of Siam have been reported to have a "very sonorous and harmonious voice." Still the learned have chiefly profited by these reports, and it has remained for M. Dufosse to give publicity to the musical accomplishments of the maigres, or, scientifically, *Sciæna Aquila*, a fish found off the coast of France. Their music, he says, is so full of mysterious and fantastic sounds, that the listener feels himself seized by a kind of momentary intoxication. They resemble the playing of a large number of organs thoroughly in discord. He also informs us that a sea-captain, hearing the singing for the first time, was greatly frightened, imagining that his vessel had sprung a leak. M. Dufosse's curiosity was so aroused by what he heard with his own ears, and what he learned from others, that, with the co-operation of a friend, he made many anatomical examinations of the maigres. They found them provided with a kind of air-bladder, which, when vibrated by the nerves attached to it, or in the case of dead fish put in action by a galvanic battery, emitted the sounds above described. M. Dufosse has also discovered that tench, carp and other thick-lipped fish make a peculiar noise somewhat resembling the croaking of a frog, when compelled to open their mouths suddenly. Whether their capacity can be improved by education, or whether it may be developed in other fish supposed to be mute, remains to be seen. If canaries can be taught to go through military evolutions, apparently so contrary to their nature, it would seem that the rudimentary powers of fish might be brought into more perfect exercise, or at least be excited into action at the will of those who keep them. A musical aquarium might thus become a much less improbable possession than it now appears to be.

MIGRATION OF BIRDS.—On this subject Mr. Alfred Wallace writes: "It appears to me probable that here, as in so many other cases, 'survival of the fittest' will be found to have had a powerful influence. Let us suppose that in any species of migratory bird, breeding can as a rule be only safely accomplished in a given area; and further, that during a great part of the rest of the year sufficient food cannot be obtained in that area. It will follow that those birds which do not leave the breeding area at the proper season will suffer, and ultimately become extinct; which will be also the fate of those which do not leave the feeding area at the proper time. Now, if we suppose that the two areas were (for some remote ancestor of the existing species) coincident, but by geological and climatic changes gradually diverged from each other, we can easily understand how the habit of incipient and partial migration at the proper seasons would at last become hereditary, and so fixed as to be what we term an instinct. It will probably be found that every gradation still exists in various parts of the world, from a complete coincidence to a complete separation of the breeding and the subsistence areas; and when the natural history of a sufficient number of species in all parts of the world is thoroughly worked out, we may find every link between species which never leave a restricted area in which they breed and live the whole year round, to those other cases in which the two areas are absolutely separated. The actual causes that determine the exact time, year by year, at which certain species migrate, will of course be difficult to ascertain. I would suggest, however, that they will be found to depend on those climatic changes which most affect the particular species. The change of color, or the fall, of certain leaves; the change to the pupa state of certain insects; prevalent winds or rains; or even the decreased temperature of the earth and water, may all have their influence. Ample materials must exist, in the case of European birds, for an instructive work on this subject. The two areas should be carefully determined for a number of migratory birds; the time of their movements should be compared with a variety of natural phenomena likely to influence them; the past changes of surface, of climate, and of vegetation should be taken account of; and there seems no reason to doubt that such a mode of research would throw much light on, if it not completely solve, the problem."

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

THE infant son of the Duke of Edinburgh has been christened Albert Alexander.

DAVID THOMPSON, of Ohio, has been appointed interpreter to the Legation of the United States in Japan.

BARON ALPHONSE DE ROTHSCHILD gives annually 50,000 francs for the relief of the poor in his arrondissement.

OLIVE HARPER, a gossiping American newspaper correspondent, has just been married to a French marquis.

THE Pope, as a mark of his favor, has made the Bishop of Nantes Count of Rome, and assistant at the Pontifical throne.

THE total value of all the effects of the late Dr. Livingston, the African traveler, is sworn to be under \$7,800.

JOAQUIN MILLER is reported to have eloped from Florence with a married woman, the mother of several children.

PRESIDENT ROBINSON, of Brown's University, is said to be talked of in Rhode Island for the United States Senatorship.

LORD LYTTON has, it is stated, been appointed British Ambassador at Constantinople in the room of Sir Henry George Elliot.

THEY say that the Pope is more partial to the American Minister in Rome than to the representatives of any other country.

GOVERNOR AMES has appointed Rev. Charles H. Thompson, D.D., to the Presidency of Alcorn University, at Oakland, Miss.

DISRAELI has been elected Lord Rector of the Glasgow University. The total vote stood—Disraeli, 700; Ralph Waldo Emerson, 500.

THE Czar Alexander has conferred the Russian Order of St. Alexander-Nevski on Duke Decazes, Minister of Foreign Affairs of France.

THE Duke of Brunswick, eighty-six years old, is about to marry the daughter of the ex-patriated King of Hanover, who is but twenty-six.

M. ROUCHER has gone to Chiselhurst to attend a council of Imperialists, summoned in view of the approaching session of the Assembly.

THE Danish poet, Ludvig Adolph Bendtsen, died at Copenhagen on October 1st, aged eighty-one years. He was an intimate friend of Thorwaldsen.

MARSHAL BAZAINE has gone to Madrid, where it is expected he will reside permanently with his family and take an active part in Spanish politics.

IT is said that Count Von Beust, Austro-Hungarian Minister at London, has been recalled to Vienna, and is to be reinstated as Premier in the Government.

REV. JOHN SCARBOROUGH, D.D., Rector of Trinity Church, Pittsburgh, Pa., was elected Bishop of the newly created Diocese of Southern New Jersey.

THURLOW WHEED, the veteran journalist, philanthropist and politician, celebrated his seventy-seventh birthday at his residence in New York, on November 15th.

ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS left Augusta, Ga., for Washington, last week. He is in better health than he has enjoyed for the last ten years. He weighs eighty pounds.

REV. MESSRS. MOODY AND LUNKEY, American revivalists, have arrived in London, after a tour through Ireland, where they met with great success in conducting revivals.

ABOUT \$50,000 have at present been subscribed towards the proposed geological museum at Cambridge in memory of the late Prof. Sedgwick, which will, it is estimated, cost \$158,500.

THE Marchioness of Thomond, who has just died at eighty-two years of age, was the widow of a nobleman who used to claim that, according to lineal descent, he would be the lawful King of Ireland.

THE Chilean Consul at Mendoza, in the Argentine Confederation, has been arrested, and the arms torn down from the Consulate. It is believed this action was taken because the consul sympathized with the insurgents.

THE ex-Queen Isabella of Spain is about to sell her diamonds, estimated at a value of twelve millions of francs. They will be disposed of by auction, but in London, and not in Paris, as had been at first intended.

THE daughter of Wm. Sharon, banker, was married to F. G. Newlands, by Archbishop Alemany, at San Francisco, November 19th. There was a brilliant assemblage present at the wedding. The present from the father of the bride was \$1,000,000.

THE Belgian journals mention the death, at the age of ten years and eleven months, of Frederic Van de Kerckhove, a young painter of almost miraculous precocity. He was a native of Bruges, and had executed not less than three hundred and fifty pictures.

THE venerable Richard H. Dana, of Boston, was eighty-seven years old on November 15th. When Mr. Dana was editor of the *North American Review* he received from the author the poem of "Thanatopsis," which was written when Mr. Bryant was in his eighteenth year.

A BONAPARTIST journal of Paris lately invited Prince Napoleon to return the sum he had received from the civil list during the Empire, aggregating 44,000,000 francs. The Prince's Secretary replies in a letter that the Prince received only 14,000,000 francs. No reply has been published by the Prince.

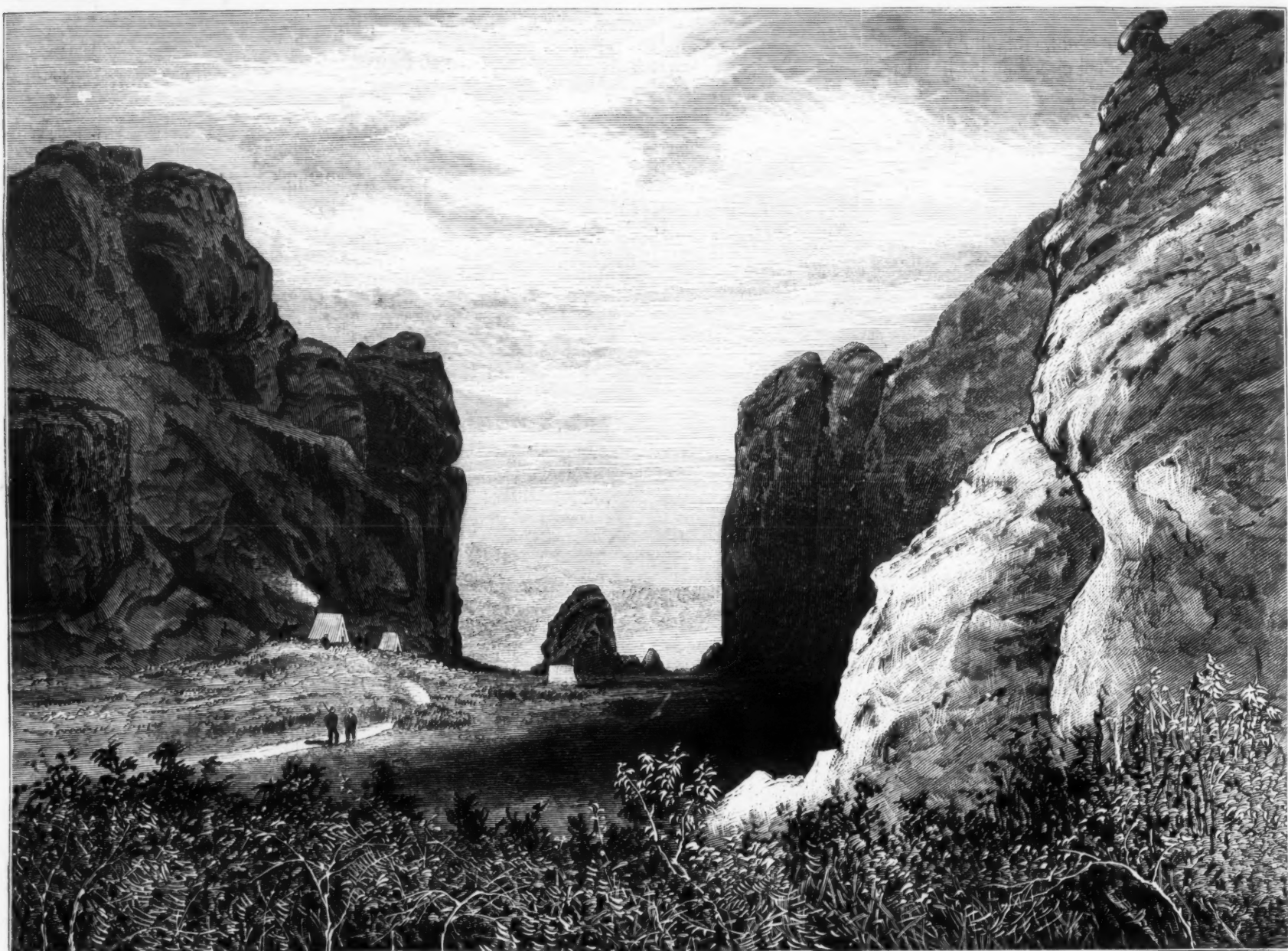
A NEW YORK lady of wealth has discovered in Florence, in the person of a poverty-stricken and sick young artist, a son of Burton, the renowned comedian. He has a wife and three little children on his hands, and is in great need of assistance, which, now that his story has been told in New York, he will doubtless receive.

A LADY guest recently entertained by Lord Dufferin at Rideau Hall, Ottawa, wore suspended from her neck the original reward of merit presented by the King of Portugal to Alvarez Pedro Cabot for the discovery of Brazil in 1500. It is described as a richly designed ship under full sail, composed of gold, silver and precious stones.

A SUBSCRIPTION, amounting to two hundred thousand francs, has been got up by the Arab chiefs of Algeria for a memorial to the late Emperor. The memorial will take the shape of a flag, ornamented with precious stones. It has just been ordered in Paris, and when finished will be taken to England by an Arab deputation and deposited over the tomb of Napoleon III.

THE claim of the widow of Captain Fry, who was murdered in Cuba by the Spaniards, for \$100 due him at the time he left the United States Navy for the Confederate service will have to be decided by Congress, the law of March 2d, 1867, being held by the accounting officers to prohibit its payment. The President and Secretary of the Navy both favor the payment of the claim.

RUMOR is much divided, says the *Japan Mail*, upon the probable causes of the late unpleasantness between the Emperor of China and his Prime Minister. It is said by some that the Prince has had the bad grace to tell his sovereign that the public purse is empty, and to advise a suspension of expenditure on the palace of Yuen-ming-yuen. Others think that he has been giving the Emperor some wholesome but unpalatable advice about matters in Formosa.



COLORADO.—THE GATEWAY TO THE GARDEN OF THE GODS.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY PROFESSOR W. H. JACKSON, OF PROFESSOR HAYDEN'S EXPEDITION.



WYOMING TERRITORY.—TINTAGI MOUNTAINS, AT THE HEAD OF THE BLACK FORK RIVER.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY PROFESSOR W. H. JACKSON, OF PROFESSOR HAYDEN'S EXPEDITION.

SENATOR THURMAN.

AFTER the great Democratic victory at the polls, on November 3d, no name became so prominent throughout the country in connection with the next Presidency as that of Hon. Allen G. Thurman, United States Senator from Ohio. His name was on every tongue; and if the people were to-day called upon to choose a thoroughly Democratic candidate for the highest office in the land, no doubt Senator Thurman would receive the nomination. His popular, as well as his political, qualifications for the office, as a strict Democrat, are many and pre-eminent.

A Southerner, having been born at Lynchburg, Virginia, in 1813, he became a Westerner by removing to Ohio in 1819. He did not receive a college education, but men who know him well inform us that, after he left his academy, he became one of the most severe students of ancient and modern literature, and that there is not in the United States Senate a man with a more thorough knowledge of Latin and French authors. He had a hard struggle for life; studied law, and in 1835 was admitted to the Bar, taking up his residence at the capital of Ohio—Columbus. He had early in life determined to achieve for himself a fine social as well as legal position, for he carried with him into Ohio a Virginian's aristocratic instincts and love of honor. It is said of him, by a friend who knew him in his early days, that he won his way in the Bar by great thoroughness of preparation in his cases. He gave to the study of a small case in a justice's court the same time and conscientiousness that he gave to a case before the Supreme Court. He gained both respect and business; and from first to last his idea has been to gain nothing that would detract from his personal reputation.

His district sent him to the XXIXth Congress. In 1851 he was elected a Judge of the Supreme Court of Ohio, and from 1854 until 1856 he was the Chief Justice of that Court. In 1867 he was the Democratic candidate for Governor of Ohio, and the Democrats having won a victory in that State, he was elected by the Legislature to the United States Senate, where he will retain his seat until 1875.

His conduct in the Senate has been marked by moderation of sentiment, by dignity of speech, and by a thoroughly Democratic apprehension of the principles of Government. In him more than in any other



HON. ALLEN G. THURMAN, UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM OHIO.

man the recent Democratic victory has its intellectual representative. A believer in the doctrine of reducing Government to the point where its administration burdens the people as little as possible; a disciple of Jefferson and Madison; and withal a statesman whose name is a synonym for honesty and purity of political and personal character, he is the man of whom we are justified in saying that he is the foremost Democrat in the land.

GARDEN OF THE GODS, COLORADO.

THE gateway to the Garden of the Gods is situated about four miles from Colorado City. A great wall of sandstone runs up to a height of 350 feet, through the centre of which is a natural passageway some 200 feet in width. Cathedral Rock, in the Garden, is an end of the immense wall, and the Cathedral spires are detached pinnacles carved out of the prevailing red sandstone, the highest one being 150 feet. A portion of Pike's Peak is seen through the Gateway.

THE UTAH MOUNTAINS.

ONE of the finest views in the West is the view of the Utah Mountains from Photograph Ridge, an elevation of 10,829 feet. In the foreground is a picturesque group of the mountain pines. In the middle distance is Black's Fork. The peaks, or cones, are most distinctly stratified, and apparently horizontal, or nearly so, with their summits far above the limits of perpetual snow; and from 1,500 to 2,000 feet above the springs that give rise to the streams below there are vast piles of purplish, compact quartzite, resembling Egyptian pyramids on a gigantic scale, without a trace of grit, vegetation or water. One of these remarkable structures stands out isolated from the rest, in the middle of the Valley of Smith's Fork, and is so much like a Gothic church, that the United States surveying party gave it name of Hayden's Cathedral, after the leader of the explorations.

FIVE MINUTES FOR LUNCH

IN THE SOUTH. THERE is nothing better to produce and maintain the activity of dyspepsia than to follow the example of thousands of travelers, and take a bit and drink at the



SOUTHERN TOURISTS EN ROUTE TO FLORIDA WINTER WATERING-PLACES.—SCENE AT A RAILWAY-STATION IN NORTH CAROLINA—NEGROES SELLING REFRESHMENTS.

majority of stations at which the railway-train stops. The "Five Minutes for Lunch" is a barbarism. Everybody knows it, everybody having tried it, and still everybody is sure to try it again on the first occasion. There is a considerable contrast between the scenes at the railroad hotels of the large cities and those along the route of some roads in the Carolinas. In one case you rush out, drink a bowl of fearfully weak oyster-soup, boiling hot, of course, put the crackers in your pocket, swallow a goblet of ice-water, rush back, and, as the train starts, ask your *vis-à-vis* what can be the matter with your stomach. In the other, you remain in your seat while a throng of negroes surround the train and offer you the choice from among small cuts of boiled and roasted meats, chicken, game, and various kinds of pastry, which you may eat at your leisure. The latter custom is by far the best of the two, being neither so injurious nor vexing to the traveler.

OUTSIDE BERTHS TO FALL RIVER.

DURING the warm season a great many passengers on the Fall River steamboats remain upon deck throughout the night, either to escape payment for a stateroom or to enjoy a novel feature of marine travel. This is roughing it with an utter disregard for health. The accommodations are rather cramped for sleeping; and as for sightseeing, a few hours will give the outsider sufficient to make him glad to tuck the head under the wing. A maudlin song, an ungenerous interruption by the old man with the whistle in his nose, the obsequiousness of the woman traveler who will persist in describing how she journeyed on her wedding trip, and a hundred other annoyances of a mixed company, will most effectually murder sleep.

The Ladd Patent Stiffened Gold Watch Cases have proved themselves in wear a superior and standard article. In the eight years they have been before the public they have steadily gained in popular confidence and esteem. Made of thick plates, of gold and nickel composition, thoroughly welded together and rolled to the requisite thickness, they are, while equally handsome, stronger and more durable than the finest solid gold cases of the same weight of metal, and at one-third or one-half the cost. With good movements, they make the cheapest, most elegant and serviceable Gold Watches in market, and are to be had of respectable dealers in all parts of the country. Send for full descriptive circulars to the manufacturers, J. A. Brown & Co., 11 Maiden Lane, New York.

TAKE NOTICE.

THERE will be no further postponement of the Fifth Gift Concert of the Public Library of Kentucky. It will take place positively November 30th. We state these facts in answer to numberless letters from subscribers.

The Union Square *caf *, at the Union Square Hotel, is the place *par excellence* to drop in for a lunch. There is every facility for the accommodation of theatre parties, its central location in Union Square at Fifteenth Street making it particularly adapted to their accommodation. Make a note of it.

At No. 23 Union Square will be found the firm of Hartz & Levy, formerly of No. 1131 Broadway, St. James Hotel, dealers in Tricks, Games, Toys, Musical Boxes, and novelties of all kinds. Now that the holidays are approaching it is well to know the fact, as there is no better place in the city at which to purchase this line of goods. The firm is the sole agents for the Automaton Rope Walker.

We call the attention of our readers to a card of Fiske & Hatch, in another column. These gentlemen transact a general banking business, buy and sell Government bonds of all kinds, and give their personal attention to all matters of business intrusted to them.

CRANBERRY SAUCE.

FORMULA of a sauce used by a negro Justice in Desha County, Ark.: "As I jined you, so I bust you 'sunder. So go, you niggers. You go."

YOUNG man, never aspire. Remember what happened to the fellow who hallooed "Excelsior" ga. He was a nice young man and had wealthy connections. But he wouldn't mind the old man, nor heed the maiden who asked him to call on her. Naturally he was found frozen stiff, still shouting "Excelsior."

SOMEbody has invented a new penholder, from which, by touching a spring, a stream of ink can be discharged over a writer's shoulder into the eyes of any ill-mannered person who may be standing behind, reading what is being written. The inventor is a benefactor of his kind. The new penholder will meet with a ready sale.

"I am come for my umbrella," said the lender of it on a rainy day to a friend. "Can't help that," said the borrower; "don't you see that I am going out with it?" "Well, yes," replied the lender, astonished at such outrageous impudence; "yes, but—what am I to do?" "Do!" said the other, as he opened the umbrella and walked off; "do as I did—borrow one."

YOUNG MAMA (to her brother-in-law, who is also the family doctor)—"By the-by, Alexander, I'm so glad you've come. I wished to talk to you about baby. I can't understand why he doesn't speak yet. Surely he ought to by this time." Alexander—"Well, yer see, Ann, ye just talk the verra highest o' English, an' my brither John, again, he just talks the verra blindest o' Scotch; an' the poor bairn, ye see, it hasna just made up its mind which side o' the house it'll tak till."

YOUNG man, you feel a superiority to the whole human race, as you stand at the altar with your fair young bride. You would not change places with the President. Yet a few short years, a few whiskings of broom-handles, an untimely stoppage or two of waisted flat-irons, and your weary body will rest under the laying willow, while some young gallant will bring your late afflicted partner out to the cemetery on calm Sabbath evenings and whisper love in her ear, as together they strew peanut-shells over your grave. "Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud!"

A YOUTH'S PUBLICATION.—For nearly half a century the *Youth's Companion*, of Boston, has been published. It was started in 1827, and is to-day one of the brightest and most vigorous papers with which we are acquainted.

Every Druggist keeps Jouv n's Kid Glove Cleaner; it cleans 12 pair gloves, and costs only 25 cents.

COLEMAN HOUSE, Broadway and 37th Street, N. Y.—This well known and long established hotel, having been entirely renovated and refitted, is now open for the reception of guests, under the auspices of Mr. James A. Jewell, well and favorably known to New Yorkers and the traveling public through his long association with the St. James Hotel. The Coleman House is conducted on the European Plan, and is unexceptionable both in its accommodations and in its inducements afforded by its restaurant. The office is presided over by courteous and obliging gentlemen, who spare no pains or trouble in conducting to the wishes and comforts of the guests; while the situation of this hotel makes it eminently desirable for those who desire occupying a central point of the city. The long connection of Mr. J. himself with the Coleman House, in which he is now engaged renders him well entitled to the reputation of one who "knows how to keep a hotel," and under all these circumstances we cannot doubt that our citizens and the traveling public will unite with us in recommending the Coleman House as a most desirable residence.

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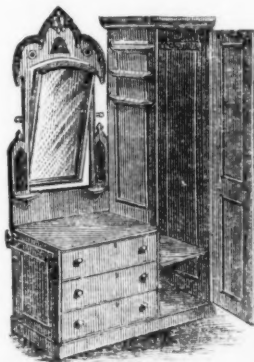
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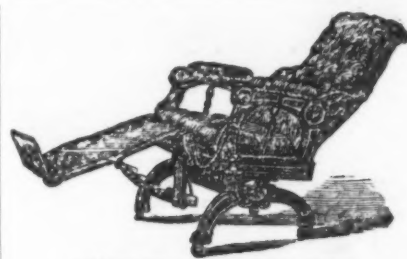
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SUPPLEMENT

TO FRANK LESLIE'S

ILLUSTRATED

NEWSPAPER

No. 1,001.—Vol. XXXIX

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 5, 1874.

[SUPPLEMENT GRATIS.]

THE KING OF NO-LAND.

BY

B. L. FARJEON,

Author of "Grif," "Blade-o'-Grass," "Jessie Trim," "Golden Grain," etc., etc.

II.—(CONTINUED).

BETWEEN Coltsfoot and Sassafras an intimacy sprang up, which ripened into friendship. Coltsfoot was attracted by the bright wit and lively fancy of Sassafras, and Sassafras was not long in discovering that here was a man of a higher order than those among whom he was accustomed to move.

"You know a great deal," said Sassafras; "and yet you are not very old."

"I am more than thirty years of age," replied Coltsfoot.

"How did you learn all you know?"

"I taught myself chiefly, I think," said Coltsfoot, with a smile.

"One can do that, then?"

"Surely; and if you read the history of men, you will find that that kind of teaching seems to bear the best fruit."

He said this candidly, not as a boast, for he was not vain-glorious, but as the sober truth.

"Then to be born great —" mused Sassafras.

"Do you mean, to be born rich, and in a high position?"

"Yes; to be born great, in that way, does not make one great."

"Unfortunately, no."

"Why unfortunately?" pursued Sassafras.

"Because those who are born thus have so much power for good in their hands that, if they were really great, the world would be better than it is."

"It is not a good world, then!" sighed Sassafras.

He was young, his mind was pliable and amenable to kindly influence, his nature was susceptible and tender; not to be wondered at, therefore, that out of his regard and admiration for Coltsfoot, he was ready to accept Coltsfoot's views without question; ready, indeed, to accept them in a more exaggerated sense than Coltsfoot intended.

Coltsfoot laid his hands kindly on Sassafras's head.

"It is a good world," he said, with somewhat of seriousness in his tone, as though he wished to impress Sassafras; "a good world in every sense; but there are many wrongs and injustices in it which are allowed to exist, and which might with ease be removed by those who are born to greatness."

"His words sank into Sassafras's heart."

"But in the meantime," Coltsfoot continued, with a sweet and serious smile, "we will go on and work, and not lose heart because things are not as we wish them to be."

"You are never idle," said Sassafras.

"Do you think man was born to be idle? Have you not heard that work is God's heritage to man?"

"No."

"It is; and the best and sweetest heritage. The idle man is like a weed in the field."

"Then one who does not work —"

"...nullifies his mission. The world would benefit by his absence."

Thought Sassafras: "I wonder what some of my time-servers would say to this? Read the Riot Act, perhaps."

Such conversations as these were not uncommon between Sassafras and Coltsfoot; and they led the Prince into new fields of thought. What he saw, also, in his wanderings with Coltsfoot stirred him strangely. He had been taught to believe—not directly, not in plain words, but insidiously and by false inference—that the poor were of a different order from that of which he was the chief ornament. He expressed this to Coltsfoot, not as his own opinion, but as he heard it.

"Come with me," said Coltsfoot.

And the Prince and the poor schoolmaster went together into the houses of the poor, and Coltsfoot showed Sassafras the virtues and the good that were in their lives. Had the Prince been of Coltsfoot's age, Coltsfoot would probably have shown him more of their virtues, so that whatever judgment he formed might have been formed upon a thoroughly correct basis; but Sassafras was a boy, and Coltsfoot (apart from his consideration for Sassafras's tender years) was anxious to show the best side of those he loved and compassionated. Yet he did not utterly conceal their vices; he spoke of them with gentle words of commiseration, saying how, in many instances, the poor were like creatures walking in the dark, being, in most instances, judged by a higher standard than that to which they were educated, or were like helpless flies attracted by the glare of lights. It was while the Prince's mind was filled with the theme that he said to his time-servers:

"What do you think of the poor?"

They shrugged their shoulders, as they were wont to do at any subject that was indifferent to them, and answered carelessly:

"They are an ungrateful class."

"Why ungrateful?" questioned the Prince. "For being allowed to live?"

They evaded the explanation by remarking: "Your Royal Highness is too young to understand these matters."

With this he was forced to be satisfied, for they would return him no other answer. In truth, they were puzzled and perplexed by his whims and whims, as they termed them; strive as they might to educate him in the right way, he refused to think as they bade him. To them it was inexplicable that he would not follow them blindly through the path

of roses, but would bother his head about the nettles. This suggestion concerning the roses came from the Court Poet, and was highly praised by all but the Prince.

"You have forgotten the thorns," he said.

"They are not for Your Royal Highness," was the answer he received.

"If weeds and thorns exist," he remarked sagely, "they must be minded."

"It will be our pleasure and duty," they said, "to clear them from Your Royal Highness's life; they shall not touch your sacred person."

"My sacred person!" he repeated, under his breath, and trembled at the words. To him they sounded like profanity.

Still he persisted, and was then told that it was not seemly in him to allow his mind to be thus disturbed.

"These things are not for princes," they said.

After his usual fashion, he flew from one to another for counsel and assistance. In some way there had come to this young Prince an intense and earnest desire to know the rights and wrongs of things, and he found himself battling in a sea of doubt because of the conflicting views that were presented to him. He asked Coltsfoot about the "divine right," which he said he had heard was the special attribute of kings; and Coltsfoot showed him, first, not only the folly but the blasphemy of the term, if taken (as it is too often taken) in its literal sense; and next, to what great ends it might be used, if rightly understood. Raising some up, and bringing some down, Coltsfoot brought all persons on a level, so far as regards the laws and principles of humanity and morality and the proper living of life. Coltsfoot saw that Sassafras was in doubt as to his opinions, and without in the least suspecting the lad's exalted station, he opened his heart and mind to the lad whom he had learned to love. He implanted in the lad's soul the purest seeds of honor and religion, and did his best to lay the foundation for a good life.

These conversations occurred when the snow was falling, early in December, and Coltsfoot, who never missed an opportunity of enriching the lad's mind, told him wonderful things concerning the soft flakes; how that each crystal was of the most exquisite shape and form, transcending in beauty the finest and most elaborate work of man's hands; how that, as it lightly covers the earth, it keeps the soil beneath it warm, protecting it from the nipping cold which would destroy the treasures sleeping in its breast; and many other particulars which need not be set down here.

"But for the snow," said Coltsfoot; "we should have no primroses."

"And until to-day," said Sassafras, regretfully, "I have looked upon it with a careless eye."

"The fashion is a common one," observed Coltsfoot; "many men grow blind by looking at the sun, and never see the beauty of the stars."

"Nor feel the peace that is in them," added Sassafras. "I have sometimes thought, as I have gazed at them from my window on a still night, that I should like to pass away into the depths where they lie, and float among them in eternal peace."

"The nights are not always still," responded Coltsfoot; "storms come and wild winds; the clouds are tossed and whirled on the wings of the wind; and if a star is visible, it hangs disconsolately and drearily in the heavens, like a soul in doubt."

Sassafras in a timid tone repeated a few lines of a poem he had composed, but had never had courage to show his friend:

"I stood upon a dark and dreary shore,
And voices rose upon the viewless air;
And sighs, 'Ah, nevermore shalt thou know peace!
Evermore shalt thou be tossed on this dark shore,
Till death shall claim thee for its own;
And then thou scornful doubter, what shall be
Thy After to mortality?"

Coltsfoot suspected the authorship, and notwithstanding the boyishness of the effort, listened thoughtfully to the lines; he traced in them the doubts and yearnings of a young sensitive soul, and with a peculiarly sweet smile, he said:

"You sigh for peace. Well, peace will come to all of us to-morrow."

"To-morrow?"

"Yes, for to-morrow all of us must die."

"And then?" asked Sassafras, with an eager yearning.

"A new birth," replied Coltsfoot, passing his arm around Sassafras with a kind and affectionate motion. "To be believed in as we believe in the wisdom which designed this wondrous work, the world; to be worked for, so that we may fit ourselves for it, with faith and cheerfulness and good intent."

Scarcely a week after this conversation, orders came to the palace that the Prince was to set forth on his travels early in the ensuing year. His tutors and time-servers were delighted. "No more truant-playing then," they said to one another; for the Prince's truant holidays had grown so frequently lately as to cause them more trouble and anxiety than ever. Sassafras was not pleased at the idea of leaving his friends, but he knew that it would be vain to resist. He made up his mind that he would see them once more before he left; but day after day passed, and he found no opportunity to escape. At length the opportunity came; or, rather, he made it, and, singularly enough, on Christmas Day, which happened to fall that year on the Sabbath,

DEEP IN THE EARTH LIES THE GOLD, HIDDEN IN DARKNESS; AND PRECIOUS STONES ARE FOUND IN ROUGHEST PLACES.

HE met Coltsfoot on his way. Coltsfoot had a bundle in his hand, and a bunch of Winter roses.

"I was coming to you," said the Prince. Coltsfoot nodded and smiled. "I would not go away without seeing you once more, and bidding you good-by." The Prince's lips quivered as he uttered these words.

"Good-by!" echoed Coltsfoot. "You are about to leave us, then?"

"Yes. I am to be taken from those I love best in the world; I am to be torn from the scenes and the friends that are dearest to me! Pitiless fate! Should I not be content here to live and die?"

"Why does not the world stand still," said Coltsfoot, in a tone of gentle reproof, "and why does not old Time stop the running of his sands to prolong our happy moments? Why are we not always young? why are the skies not always bright? why do the flowers wither and die? why is it not for ever Summer?"

"I understand you," answered the Prince. "You think me weak for complaining. I do not ask for these impossibilities. Nature must run her course—seasons must change, flowers must die. But they will come again, and I shall not be here to welcome them. Summer's sweet breath will kiss these dear woods before many months are passed, and I shall be far away."

"Your regrets are natural," responded Coltsfoot, "but you must not magnify them into wrongs. I shall miss you, dear lad, for I have grown to love you!" The Prince raised his face, now flushed with pleasure at the declaration, eagerly to the more sober face of Coltsfoot. "Now is there not balm in Gilead? Is there not comfort in the thought that we have fairly won love and respect, and that we hold a place in the hearts of friends whose faces we may never look upon again?"

"Do not say that!" cried the Prince, covering his eyes with his hands. "Oh, do not say that!"

"Nay, nay, nay! Life has its duties, and we must perform them with cheerful minds. Life has its griefs, thank God! and we must bear them with resignation. Yes, thank God that life has its sorrows. There is sweetness in them, believe me. Suffering is the mother of compassion. Hearts might be stone but for pity; life would be harsh without charity. Think—think, dear lad! and be grateful for everything in which there is no shame."

"Your words strengthen me," murmured the Prince.

"Then," continued Coltsfoot, "is it in this place only that Summer is to be found? What spot is there in the world upon which the sun does not shine? Dear lad, Summer is not here or here—"

he lightly waved his hand to the south, to the west—"Summer is here." He placed his hand on his companion's heart. "Ah! we are not grateful enough. We do not know how happy is our lot, in comparison with the lot of others. How often have I been shamed into humbleness by the contemplation of the lives of those who are not blessed as I am blessed!"

"They were walking in the woods towards a village; the trees were lightly covered with snow, which had fallen during the night; the air was keen and fresh and sweet. 'If a multitude of people were before me on this fair Christmas Day, I should be tempted to preach them a sermon in six words: Be humble; be grateful; be charitable. And should these few words bear fruit, the sermon would be long enough and good enough. You cannot remain with me much longer, I suppose, to-day?"

"I have come to spend the day with you," replied the Prince, "if you will let me."

"You may?"

"Yes, I may, as it is the last day we shall have together for a long time. But I will come back."

"You will come back a man. I shall be always here, I think. My way of life is marked out for me, and it lies within a small circuit."

Thus conversing, they arrived at the village, and halted at a small cottage, which bore signs of decay. The doorway was so low that Coltsfoot, who was a six-foot man, had to stoop his head upon entering; a little girl, who looked like a wise little woman, and yet was not more than six years of age, was sitting in a low chair, hushing a baby to sleep. The baby may have been three months old, and the nurse might have been her mother, so womanly were her ways. Another little girl, two or three years younger than the nurse, was also in the room, which was clean and very poorly furnished. A few paper pictures, cut from cheap prints, were pasted on the walls, and three violins were hanging in a corner. The children looked at Coltsfoot, and smiled a welcome, staring busily at Sassafras.

"Well, little ones," said Coltsfoot, "and how is mother this morning?"

"She is a little better," answered the eldest girl; "so she said."

"That is good," he said, rubbing his hands cheerily. "Here are some Winter roses for you."

A thin voice from an inner room, which was the only other room in the cottage, asked who was there.

"It is I," called Coltsfoot; "I will come in presently and see you. Well, pet, and what have you to say?" This to the second little girl, who was climbing on to his lap. The baby was asleep by this time, and was lying in the cradle. The eldest child, being released from her burden, was arranging the flowers in a broken jug, and admiring them with eyes too sadly bright for one so young.

"We've got a pum-pudden for dinner," said the child on Coltsfoot's lap.

"Ah, that's a fine thing," responded Coltsfoot, kissing her, and setting her down. "Go and shake

hands with the young gentleman, and tell him your name."

"I'm Lucerne," she said, standing by the Prince's side, and gazing up at him.

"And baby's name is Daisy," added Coltsfoot, "and our little mother here is Iris."

Iris calmly shook hands with Sassafras, and then resumed her duties.

"Our little woman," continued Coltsfoot tenderly, "does everything in the house, and is quite wise. She can scrub and cook and mend clothes; and she can do something cleverer than all these—she can play the fiddle."

"And so can I," put in Lucerne.

"And so can Lucerne," Coltsfoot assented; "and I shouldn't wonder, when Daisy gets to be as much of a little woman as her sisters, that she will play the fiddle also. Now I'll go and see mother."

He went in to the sick woman, and remained with her for a few minutes. Sassafras in the meanwhile making friends with Iris and Lucerne. When Coltsfoot and the Prince left the house, they left sunshine behind them. On their way, Coltsfoot related the story of these poor people. It was simple enough. The father had died nine months ago, leaving his family destitute.

"That was surely wrong," observed Sassafras.

"Undoubtedly; but you must not blame the man. He worked from morning to night, and earned the barest pittance for his brood. He had no extravagances and no vices; he was not even a beer-drinker. In this respect, he was useless to the State, and useless to those voracious creatures who distill and brew, and whose appetites grow by what they feed on."

Sassafras did not understand these allusions, and Coltsfoot continued:

"The breadwinner being gone, the wife was left helpless. It is a mystery to me how some poor persons manage to live. They have nothing, and can earn nothing, and yet they manage to rub on somehow. Deep in the earth lies the gold, hidden in darkness; and precious stones are found in roughest places. So among the poor and in the roughest places, there must be running veins of sweet humanity, which are never idle and never worked out. There can be no other solution to the mystery. The woman did some little work, until she was near her confinement with Daisy. Then things began to look very bad indeed, and heaven knows how matters might have ended, but for a certain little fairy in that house whose name is Iris."

"Iris! that child!" exclaimed the Prince.

"Why, what could she do?"

"Iris, that child, did a brave and wise thing. Her father had taught himself the violin, and she, young as she was, had learnt from him how to handle the bow. You saw her father's violins hanging on the wall; the wife had parted with nearly everything, so that the partnership between the bodies and souls of her children should not be dissolved, but with a weak, womanly tenderness she clung to her dead husband's violins as though they were living creatures, determining that they should be the last things to go for bread. In the dead of night she may have fancied she heard their strings vibrate, speaking to her of old times—they had loved each other, this man and woman—and perhaps the strings of her heart were touched respectively. Iris, one morning in the Spring, took a violin from the wall, and quietly went out of the house. I saw her that morning; she was playing in a byway, where but few persons passed. 'Why, Iris!' I cried. She opened her right hand and showed me a few coppers which, even in that but little frequented place, the charitable poor had given to her as they passed. Then I understood it all; the little six-year-old maid had taken upon herself the duties of breadwinner, but was not yet bold enough to stand where many people were. That courage came soon, and she taught Lucerne to play a little; and day after day the two miles go out, and play the old tunes their father played, while their mother lies sick at home. The people have grown very fond of them, and give, out of their small store. When Daisy grows up into a woman of two years old, I have no doubt she will go forth with her sisters to fight the battle, armed with violin and bow. Already Iris gives her the fiddle to nurse, instead of a doll. And now you have the history of that humble household. Maybe you may find some heroism in it."

They had dinner at Ragged Robin's house, Coltsfoot's mother being of the party. A happier group was never assembled beneath a roof. The fare was plain and sweet, the walls rang with merry laughter, and the entire absence of ceremony contributed vastly to the Prince's enjoyment.

"I think," he whispered to Coltsfoot, "that the poor have many pleasures which the rich do not taste."

Coltsfoot smiled; he was satisfied that his young friend was learning good lessons in a good way. The family wished Coltsfoot and Sassafras to remain with them the whole of the day; but Coltsfoot said that they had many things to see, and that they would return in the evening. In accordance with Coltsfoot's wish, Sassafras had not told them that he was about to leave them.

"Wait until to-night," Sassafras said; "It might spoil their pleasure to know too soon. They have but few holidays."

"Then you really think," asked Sassafras, "that they will be sorry to lose me?"

"I am sure so," replied Coltsfoot.

Sassafras found some consolation in this; it sweetened his grief. Coltsfoot took him into the city, where he witnessed many strange scenes, and where he saw the poor and helpless in the best and worst aspect. Wherever he went he met with touches of humanity which brought sweet light into the darkest places—wherever he went he saw the poor helping the poor. Coltsfoot was welcomed

everywhere, even in the worst of places, for all recognized in him a friend. They walked through a nest of bad, narrow thoroughfares, a very maze of shrunken diseased courts and lanes, in which it was almost impossible for virtue not to lose its way. Sassafras was frightened at the sights and sounds which greeted him: he clung closely to Coltfoot, who conducted him safely through these hotbeds. Swarms of children were there, learning; swarms of men and women were living the lives they had been brought up to in their childhood; doing their duty, as one bitter cynic among them said, to the best of their ability in that sphere of life in which it had pleased God to place them.

"There is nothing to fear," said Coltfoot; "they will not harm us."

"Where do all these people live?" asked Sassafras.

"In cellars," replied Coltfoot, "in garrets, in rooms where heaven's light is veiled, huddled together like rats, clinging to each other for warmth like vermin. Oh, that I were a ruler, if only to accomplish one task!"

"What task?"

"To sweep away these nests of corruption—to purify the streets. Sewers breed rats. But these living things are human creatures, God help them! Dear lad, I have my doubts as well as you. Sometimes when I visit these places, knowing that they have existed for scores of years, knowing that they will exist for scores of years longer, knowing that thousands and thousands of helpless babes will be born here and educated to lives of infamy, I doubt whether under such circumstances man can be held responsible for crime, and I am driven against my reason to ask whether civilization is a curse or a blessing. Only to you, dear lad, would I express these doubts, for I know the danger that lies in them."

These words were as painful for Sassafras to hear as they were to Coltfoot to utter, but they were prompted by indignant pity, and Coltfoot could not restrain the utterance of them.

They emerged into the wider thoroughfares, and—in the brighter aspect of the space in which they now moved, and the brighter prospect of pleasant hours presently to be spent with Bluebell and her kindred—were striving to shake from their minds the dust of melancholy which the scenes they had witnessed had engendered, when a babel of voices and sounds of hurried steps in their rear caused them to turn. Some twenty men and women, with alarm and pity on their faces, clustered about Coltfoot and Sassafras, and began to speak all at once.

"I tell you he is a doctor. I tell you he isn't. He is; he isn't. Well, ask him. He's a good sort anyway, and is likely to know something about it." Coltfoot held up his hand, to stop their unintelligible babble.

"I am not a doctor according to the law," he said, "but I have some knowledge of medicine."

"There! there! didn't I tell you so?" exclaimed those who were right to those who were wrong.

"But what special thing is it," continued Coltfoot, "that you say I am likely to know something about?"

"Death," said a man, stepping forward. "That special thing."

"You know death when you see it?" demanded the man, somewhat snrily.

"I do," replied Coltfoot, gravely.

"So do I; these ignorant cattle don't. 'The woman's dead,' said I, with half a look at her. But they wouldn't believe it. So they run after you, to prove me a liar."

Before the man's last words were uttered, Coltfoot, with Sassafras by his side, was retracing his steps towards the narrow courts and lanes. The mob of men and women, the numbers of which had by this time considerably increased, led the way into one of the foulest of the thoroughfares, the entrance to which was arched; the rookeries it contained were of the vilest character, and were only fit for vermin to breed in. In a garret, in one of these dens, lay a woman on the ground—a woman so thin and emaciated as to cause sighs of compassion to escape from the breast of Sassafras. Coltfoot knelt by the side of the woman, whose only covering was a brown gown, torn, tattered, faded—fit for a dunghill.

"She is dead," said Coltfoot.

The man who had first pronounced her so cast a look of triumph at the doubters.

"What was her complaint?" asked Sassafras, in a whisper to Coltfoot; but his whisper was heard, and the question answered by the man, who lifted the woman's bare arm, and ran his hand along the sharp bones.

"Starvation, my boy," replied the man; "that was her complaint. A pretty time of the year to die of that disease, eh?"

"It is true, I am afraid," said Coltfoot, answering Sassafras's eloquent look of pity. "But what is this? A child?"

Truly, his eyes had lighted on a child, a baby of six months, who was asleep in a corner of the room. The baby was covered by a piece of rough sack.

"Ah," said a woman, "this is Dick—little Dick."

Coltfoot took the child in his arms, who, for a wonder, was clean; this was clearly to be seen, for when Coltfoot let the piece of sack fall to the ground, the child was discovered to be perfectly naked.

"Give him to me," said the woman, and as she relieved Coltfoot of his burden, the baby opened his eyes, and gazed upon the group, and upon the body of his dead mother lying on the ground.

"Little Dick!" exclaimed the woman, tenderly, "Cunning little Dick! I'll take care of him to-night, sir."

With sad hearts, Coltfoot and Sassafras walked away from the fevered thoroughfares towards the country lanes.

"Cunning little Dick!" mused Coltfoot. "Poor naked little mortal! If you happen to see him when you return into your travels, what will he have grown into? But I know—alas! I know."

He would have been filled even with a deeper sorrow had any foreshadowing fallen upon him of another Christmas night in the years to come, when he and Sassafras and Cunning Little Dick met for the second time, in another place, and under other circumstances. Night stole upon them as they walked.

"Come," said Coltfoot, with an affectionate pressure of his companion's arm, "let us banish melancholy thought. We are in a purer air now."

IV.

CHRISTMAS NIGHT AT THE COTTAGE.

THE heavens were full of stars, which shone brightly through the frosty air. Sounds of music fell upon their ears, and as their way lay in that direction they walked towards it.

"Can you guess who are playing?" asked Coltfoot, with a bright smile, stepping briskly along.

A little crowd of persons stood around the players, and Sassafras, peeping through, saw Iris and Lucerne with their violins at their shoulders. The little girls bore a great resemblance to each other,

but the expressions on their faces were not at all alike. The face of Iris was grave, and she drew her bow across the strings with a thoughtful and serious air; her little body moved slowly and soberly in response to the music. Lucerne's face, on the other hand, was full of smiles and sparkles; her eyes, her feet, her body danced to the music, and she swayed this way and that with graceful, joyous motion.

"You see," said Coltfoot, in explanation, "Iris has the cares of a family upon her; responsibility makes her serious and grave."

The air being finished, the children stood in quiet expectation of reward. They were not disappointed; a good many gave, the gifts being very small. One woman, putting a halfpenny into her baby's hand, caused the little one to bend over to Iris, and directed the gift; and when Iris kissed the baby, the woman herself stooped down to the tiny bread-winners, and kissed them in her motherly way.

"A better scene than the last," said Coltfoot.

He did not make himself known to the children, but he and Sassafras followed them quietly out of the street. When they reached a retired spot, Iris paused, and tucking her violin under her arm, proceeded with a business air to count their gains. She nodded and nodded again with satisfaction, and then the two children, with their arms round each other's necks, walked home, singing softly.

"I should like to say good-by to them," said Sassafras, wistfully; "I may never see them again."

"Don't say good-by," replied Coltfoot; "it makes children sad. Wish them a merry Christmas instead. Besides, we shall see them again. They are coming to the cottage to-night."

Sassafras ran after the children, and embraced them, and when he went away left good wishes behind him, and something more tangible, which he slipped unobserved into Iris's pocket. As he and Coltfoot entered the lane in which Ragged Robin and Bluebell lived, sounds of merriment floated towards them. Robin's loud laugh could be plainly heard, and when they were closer to the house, Bluebell's sweeter voice greeted them. She was singing a simple song of the season, and Sassafras and Coltfoot listened outside until the last line was sung, and then clapped their hands in applause, and cried, "Bravo! Bravo!" All the family rushed to the door, and also some neighbors who had been invited. "Here they are—here they are!" they shouted; and they had a scramble and a race along the narrow lane after Coltfoot and Sassafras, who pretended that they wanted to run away.

The wrens, in their warm nests in the chimneys, must have been astonished at the noise which awoke them, and as they raised their heads lazily from their beds of brown moss must have looked at each other with an air of "What's all this about?" The Christmas party returned to the house in a merry cluster, filling the air with their laughter. Some of the older wrens, who were well acquainted with them, doubtless thought to themselves, "Ah, that's Ragged Robin's ho! ho! ho! harsh, and wild, and unruly; and that's his father's creak, like a door with rusty hinges; and that's his mother's cackle. He! he! he! and that's Bluebell's tender voice—her laugh is like music—let us listen a little longer to it; and that's Coltfoot's Ha! ha! ha!—why, he laughs like a boy to-night! and that's Sassafras's voice, low and soft. What makes it so sad and pensive? He is generally very merry. Ah, if they knew what we know, they wouldn't make so free with him!" For these discreet old wrens had friends and relations living in the warm chimneys of the King's palace, and were in the habit of visiting them very often—being but flighty creatures as you may guess; and there they had seen Myrtle in his proper form of Prince Sassafras, and consequently knew of the deception he was practicing upon Robin and Coltfoot and Bluebell and the rest. They chattered about it among themselves. "What does he do it for?" they asked of one another, without being able to furnish a sufficient explanation. "It is perfectly inexplicable," said one old wren, who had been born in the royal chimneys—indeed, in the very chimney of the bedroom where Sassafras slept—and whose courtly airs were a sight to behold; she never came to dinner with her feathers ruffled! "It is perfectly inexplicable! I can't make it out. A Prince, who is in the enjoyment of every luxury, and who has his drawers filled with silks and laces and furs, to associate on terms of familiarity with such common persons as Ragged Robin and his family! With Ragged Robin, who hasn't a second pair of breeches to—'" "Hush! hush!" interrupted a staid old wren, who looked after the proprieties. "To his common legs," continued the court wren, in a stately way; "and with a person like that Coltfoot, who teaches a b c to a lot of dirty ragged brats, and gives medicine and trash to a parcel of old women! Our Prince to associate with such-like! I don't know what we're coming to!" "But an equally outspoken old wren, who had been born in the cottage chimney, and who had lived a happy life there, resented this with spirit. "And pray, madame," she cried to the court wren, "who are you that you should think the Prince degrades himself by coming to us for a few hours now and then? And who are you that you should try to take away the character of honest Robin and our good Coltfoot? Let me tell you that the Prince is never so happy as when he is with us; I have heard him say so as we were taking away our dinner, which he spread on the sill for us." The court wren cocked her head disdainfully, and looked straight before her into vacancy, as though there were no such bird in existence as the cottage wren. But the cottage wren was not to be put down in this way. "You!" she continued, "with your stuck-up ways and your grand airs! Who are you, I should like to know! Because you happen to be hatched in a royal chimney, you think yourself of more consequence than your betters!" In short, they had a desperate quarrel, which was not confined to themselves. All the other birds joined in, and such a chattering and a whistling were heard in the royal chimneys, that it was a mercy something dreadful did not occur to the walls. The upshot of it was that a breach occurred in their friendship, and for eight whole days the cottage wrens and the court wrens were not on speaking terms. It must be confessed that when the quarrel was patched up, it was the cottage wrens who had to eat humble pie; they could not resist the only opportunity they had of hearing the delicious bits of fashionable scandal which the court wrens always had on the tips of their tongues.

Well, these cottage wrens heard Ragged Robin and the rest making merry on this Christmas night, and made their remarks on what was going on. But they did not see everything. The best room in the cottage was lighted up by means of wooden hoops, which were suspended flat from the ceiling, and around the rims of which were stuck Christmas candles of all colors. There were holly and mistletoe on the walls, and on the mantelpiece, and over the door, and in the passages, and hanging everywhere from the ceiling, so that there were plenty of opportunities. How many kisses were given it would be impossible to say, for nobody stood on ceremony, and least of all Bluebell, who was fond

of being kissed. So the night passed merrily until it was time for Sassafras to leave, and "good-by" had not been said. Coltfoot saw that Sassafras could not say the word before strangers.

"Let us walk together down the lane," he said. "Come, Bluebell, take Myrtle's hand; come along, Robin; we four will be enough."

He whispered to Sassafras that he would tell the mother and father. They walked down the lane, and at the foot of it Sassafras bade good-by—to Ragged Robin first, who, when he understood that he was about to lose his friend, fairly blubbered, and ran off to hide his grief.

"Going away!" exclaimed Bluebell. "Where to?"

It was a difficult matter to make the little maid understand why it was imperative that Sassafras should go away to foreign countries; she thought one country was enough to live in, she said. But the word had to be spoken, despite her ignorance of necessary things.

"I will never forget you, Bluebell," said Sassafras, "and I want you to think a little of me when I am away, and to love me a little."

"I'll love you always—always," said the little maid, her tears flowing freely, for these young, tender hearts are easily touched, and suffer more than we are aware, "and I'll think of you day and night."

"Here is a little present for you that I want you to wear, so that you can't forget me if you try to."

He produced a very thin and slender gold chain, of trifling value, at the end of which a small gold heart was attached. He placed the chain round her neck, and kissed her; the picture of her pretty, child's face raised to his, with the tears swimming in her eyes, and her soft red lips asking for another kiss, recurred to him many and many a time during the years of his travels, and he loved to linger on the memory. The stars were glittering above and around them, and in his memory he never saw Bluebell's face with the daylight shining on it, but always in a framework of stars on such a soft, clear, tender night as this was.

"And now, dear lad," said Coltfoot, with a strong, firm grasp of the Prince's hand, "good-by, and God bless you!"

"Good-by," sobbed Sassafras; "I never shall forget what you have shown me this day."

He turned to go, and lingered still, and a few more words were spoken. Then Coltfoot, with a pain at his heart, left him swiftly and abruptly, and an important chapter in the Prince's life came to an end.

V.

LIKE WHITE FINGERS BECKONING THE DEAD.

WHERE he traveled, and what he saw, there is no room here to describe. When the first pangs of grief were assuaged, he enjoyed with keen pleasure the new scenes through which he passed. New countries, new customs, new communities, passed before him, as it were, and he kept his eyes open. But it was rarely that a prince traveled as he traveled, with such modesty and unostentation. His chief pleasure was to wander from one place to another in an unpretending way, unknown and unobserved, but not unobserving. He was not outwardly demonstrative, and his time-servers said among themselves that they were afraid his travels were not doing him any good. They told stories of the travels of other princes and royal personages whose course was marked by the most magnificent display. This town was one blaze of light when a certain prince entered it by night; the houses of that town were festooned with flowers, which hung from every roof and garlanded the thoroughfares. Here a wonderful entertainment was given in honor of Prince So-and-so, whom the inhabitants had never seen before and never would see again, and for whom they did not care a jot; there all the inhabitants had journeyed out of the town to meet Prince So-and-so, and meeting him when he was within four miles of the gate, ran before his carriage all the way, filling the air with huzzas, and behaving as frantically as they could have behaved if the greatest and most precious blessings which heaven could bestow had fallen upon them.

How different it was with Prince Sassafras! His most earnest desire was to be allowed to ramble quietly through the strange countries in which he was traveling, and to avoid public display. Often in his wanderings and musings did he see two tiny mites of children playing the violin in the streets of No-land—one with a grave and thoughtful face, the other with a face flushed with delight; often did he conjure up a picture of the woods round about his palace in No-land, and see himself and Coltfoot walking slowly through them, as they had done on that memorable Christmas Day, when the beautiful white snow rimmed every leaf and branch with pure and glistening lines; often and often did he see a sweet little face raised to his, set in a framework of bright stars, which were scarcely brighter than the tears that shone in the large blue eyes. He fed upon these memories as he grew to manhood; and months and years passed. The seasons marched royally onwards; the primroses rose from their beds; the violets opened their eyes and peeped through the hedges, making the air fragrant; the buds laughed into blossoms; the hills were crowned with flowers; the golden corn grew gray as the waves of the wind passed over it; the vines were heavy; the leaves grew old and died; the soft snow fell and filled the churchyards with white phantoms; the icicles made the valleys radiant with wondrous beauty. Until one day a courier, with his hair wildly blowing about his face, rode into the midst of the nobles of the suite and cried:

"The King of No-land is dead!"

"When they recovered their breath, they hastened to the Prince, and found him lying idly by the side of a laughing brook, to which he was whispering soft and tender words. They approached him humbly and reverently.

"Your Gracious Majesty," they said, and knelt on one knee before him.

He started to his feet and gazed at them with wild eyes. He comprehended the meaning of their attitude, and he trembled with fear and awe.

"My father—" and he faltered.

They hung their heads, and one or two contrived to squeeze a tear—heaven only knows how they managed it—which they allowed to hang upon their eyelashes, so that their new king might see and remember. But he saw nothing real; he stood alone in the midst of tumultuous clouds. He was not even aware that he had waved his attendants away, and that they had obeyed him. His father was dead! He could not recall one tender word or look which had ever been bestowed upon him by the dead king, whose state and duties now devolved on himself. Not one. Love between them had been a dead letter. He had often watched the children of peasants playing with their fathers; he had often seen common men carrying their children on their shoulders; he had heard words from mothers' lips which had thrilled him with tumultuous pain; he had listened to a childish prattle which had brought a strange yearning to his heart; he had peeped into cottage-windows and seen happy family groups there, and had heard them singing

and laughing together. Such a joy he had never tasted. The image of his father as he saw it he almost groaned as he made a step towards his carriage; a man magnificently dressed, with dozens of glittering orders upon his breast. Orders bestowed upon him because of his deeds in war, of his achievements in art, of his efforts in the cause of humanity? No; bestowed upon him because he was a king, and which would well have graced him had he been worthy of his high position. A man with a purple face and hanging cheeks, who drank of the best, who ate of the best, and whose life was one of splendid misery—truly, a man to be sincerely pitied, and more to be pitied because of the splendid opportunities which were his, and which had been so miserably wasted. But this picture faded from the mind of Sassafras, and raising in its stead an ideal image of his father, he sank to the ground, and shed tears for his loss.

Early the next day he and his retinue turned their faces towards No-land, and when they reached it they found the nation in deep mourning for the bereavement it had sustained. Sassafras felt a strange thrill as he set foot once more upon his native land. He had left it a boy; he returned to it a man. Whether his heart was changed you will see for yourself as you proceed. But that it was stirred to tender emotion as he trod the steps of the palace in which his boyhood had been passed may at once be stated. It was evening when he arrived, and saying that he wished to be alone for the night, he left his courtiers abruptly, and strolled out by himself, wrapped in a cloak which concealed him from head to foot. Into the woods filled with sweet memories he strolled, and paused before the old elm-tree which he had climbed for the first time many a year ago. How well he remembered all the incidents of that day: his meeting with Ragged Robin, the changing of their clothes, the delicious minutes he had spent while sitting in the branches—there they were above him now, but he could hardly fancy what had been so clear to him then, the looking arms waiting to receive him, and the fantastic S, the initial of his name? He saw, however, the tutors and time-servers standing beneath the tree, while he, dressed in Robin's ragged clothes, sat in the branches above them; he heard the cry of the old courtier as the marble dropped upon his bald pate; he heard the Riot Act read, with its mighty *Whereas*; and then in memory he scrambled down the tree, and told again the story of Pimpernel. Although it was Winter, and a soft snow was falling, he did not feel cold. He made his way slowly to the stream, so bright and beautiful in the Summer with its flowery and mossy banks, so white and solemn now; then he walked in tender, thoughtful mood towards the village where Coltfoot lived. He did not intend to make himself known; he wished, for the present, only to look on the cottage where Bluebell and Ragged Robin lived, and, if possible, to catch a glimpse of the faces of those dear friends. He had to pass a churchyard on his way, and as he approached this place he heard music in the air. It was night now, and he walked along, satisfied that if he were seen he would not be recognized. The sounds of music grew louder as he approached closer to the churchyard, and when he was quite up to it he was surprised to find that the persons who were playing were playing in that solemn place. It must be so, for there were no lights in the windows of the quaint old church which overlooked the graves. Sassafras peered into the churchyard to discover the players, but he could not at first distinguish them from the tombstones. All those tombstones were covered with soft snow, and some stood firm and straight, like soldiers on the watch, and some were bent and decrepit, like old, old men whose time had come. Three or four trees were in the churchyard, and their bare and naked branches were like white fingers beckoning the dead. One tree, which was branchless, and whose top was slightly bowed to earth, looked like a giant ghost in a white shroud. And round about them all, and among the trees and tombstones, floated the strains of the music, lingering tenderly here and there, and gliding softly away like spirits. Sassafras stepped quietly into the churchyard, and the music came to meet him, and conducted him to the spot where the players stood. There were three of them, all girls, and they were standing round a newly-made grave. A singular sensation of faintness came upon him as he recognized the children Iris, Lucerne and Daisy, and as he remembered that Coltfoot was their best friend. Could it be his grave that they were standing by? Daisy, the youngest, was the image of Iris, as he saw her last on Christmas Day, and Iris herself, a little woman twelve years of age now, drew her bow across the strings with the same old grave thoughtful air. They did not know a stranger was near them until their melody was finished. Then, seeing a tall shadow close by, they started in alarm, and Iris, with a rapid motion, drew Daisy to her side.

"Do not be frightened," said Sassafras, disguising his voice; "I am a friend. I heard music as I passed, and I came closer to listen. Your name is Iris?"

"Yes, sir."

"And you are Lucerne?"

Lucerne courtesied.

"And this is little Daisy?"

Daisy looked up at his tall shadow without fear; his kind voice had reassured them. Sassafras held out a piece of money to them, but Iris shook her head, and refused the gift. He understood at once that they were engaged in a labor of love, and he put the money in his pocket again. Then he remembered that when he last saw them their mother was ill.

"Your mother is well and strong, I hope?" he said. He was speaking to friends of yesterday; it did not seem to him that years had passed.

"Mother is there," said Iris, pointing to the grave; "we are playing to her. She likes to hear us."

Iris said this quite seriously.

The tears came into Sassafras's eyes; this tribute of love for the dead touched him deeply.

"Was this the last air you intended to play?" he asked.

"No, sir; mother's favorite tune is to come."

"Shall I disturb you if I remain? If I do, say so, and I will go away."

In answer, Iris tapped gently on her violin with her bow, and the other little ones fell into position immediately. They played for half an hour, Sassafras standing quietly by; and then, as they walked side by side softly out of the churchyard, he inquired after his friends. He found that there had been other deaths during his absence. Bluebell's father and mother were both gone, and she, Robin, Coltfoot, and his old mother, all lived together now in one cottage.

"We go there often," said Iris; "they were very good to poor mother, who was bedridden for years, and they are very good to us. We all love them dearly, don't we, Lucerne—don't we, Daisy?"

"Yes, yes," they answered, with eager affection.

"Coltfoot used to come," continued Iris, "and sit with mother regularly, and Bluebell came often too, and made nice things for us. Lucerne and I

know how to read and write; Coltsfoot taught us, and he is teaching Daisy now. He will never take anything from us. Before mother died, she kissed him more than once, and told us he was the best man that ever drew breath. Didn't she say those very words, Lucerne? The best man that ever drew breath. And he is. Then mother asked us to come and play by her grave sometimes, and told us to keep good, and be kind to one another."

To these and other outpourings Sassafra listened with a full heart, and when he was about to leave them, he asked whether they would let him give them a kiss. They held up their faces readily, and he kissed them tenderly, and wished them Good-night. "Good-night, Good-night," they said. But he had not gone a dozen yards, when a thought occurred to him, and he turned back. Hearing his steps, they stopped, and said, "Here is the gentleman again."

"Some one told me," he said, "that Bluebell has a gold chain. Is it true?"

"Oh, yes," replied Iris; "such a beautiful one! And she wears it regularly every Sunday. And there's a little heart at the end of it. I know, because she has shown me."

"That's right," said Sassafra, in a glad tone; "good-night, children, good-night."

But, unseen by them, he followed them to their humble home, taking upon himself the office of protector to these little ones. Even when they were safely housed, he did not depart, but lingered long about the place, thinking of them with tenderness; and an hour afterwards, when the two younger children were abed and asleep, he peeped through a chink in the shutters, impelled to do so by the sound of musical chords which came from within the cottage. There he saw Iris, partly undressed, tuning her violin softly, and with a beautifully pensive expression on her face.

"God bless you, little one!" he murmured, and walked home to his palace with a happy heart.

VI.

TO GRASP THE JEWELLED HAND OF POVERTY.

SASSAFRAS was king, and the loyal subjects of No-land threw up their caps. Things went on as usual, and notwithstanding the difference in the character of the ruler who ruled yesterday, and the ruler who ruled to-day, everything to-day was the same as it was yesterday. Thousands of men were butchered in cold blood in the name of civilization, fortunes were won and lost, swindlers made millions by lies and trickery, and strove to earn popularity by spending a little of their stolen money in a public way, and persons earned and lost salvation according to circumstances.

Sassafra was king. Everybody bowed and bent before him. His nobles listened with fervor to every breath he drew. Every beat of his pulse, every look, every motion, was indexed. When he went to bed and when he rose—when he yawned and when he sighed—how much he ate and how much he drank—when he sneezed and when he blew his royal nose—every word he spoke and its inflection—every twinge, every grimace, every smile—were recorded in the royal books by zealous servants for the enlightenment of future generations.

"Dear, dear!" he often exclaimed, "why don't you let me alone?"

A pimple on his nose, a whitlow on his finger, a corn that troubled him a little, were national calamities. Everybody talked of him, morning, noon, and night, and his ears were continually burning. He was public property, and no rest was given him. If he showed only the tip of his nose in the open air, he was run after, and pointed at, and cheered and cheered again and again.

"Dear, dear!" he cried, with his fingers in his ears, "what a noise! Is this the normal state of things in the public thoroughfares? Are my subjects always screaming thus?"

And as he rode along he bowed, as he had been taught, this way and that, this way and that, until cricks came in his back, and he felt like a miserable dervish who had condemned himself to bend and bow until the last breath was out of him. He was compelled also to smile for such a length of time together that he felt as if his features were waxed into grimaces, and as if he should never be able to get the wrinkles out of his eyelids again. All this was very annoying and distasteful to him. According to all human calculation, he ought to have been the happiest of the happy. It is but an additional proof of the perverseness of human nature—although, to be sure, not one more is needed—that he was as discontented a mortal as could be found in his own kingdom of No-land.

He had wit, intelligence, imagination, a good heart, and large sympathies. But he had no time to give practical shape to his best impulses. The duties of his position were so numerous and exacting, that he had scarcely a moment he could call his own, unless he stole it, and then he was told that everything went wrong and was turned topsy-turvy.

"I am the pivot then, my Lord Crabtree," he said, "upon which everything turns?"

"Upon which everything turns, your most gracious Majesty," gravely assented Lord Crabtree. "You are the sun of the nation, the source of all light, honor and happiness."

King Sassafra made a movement of impatience. He had just breakfasted, and Lord Crabtree, who held the post of Principal and Confidential Worryer, was attending on his royal master.

"My Lord Crabtree, it is a lovely morning."

"Your Majesty, it is king's weather."

"Even the weather, then, waits upon me."

Lord Crabtree moved his hands, expressing:

"Who can doubt it?"

King Sassafra laughed lightly.

"King's weather! Nonsense! It is everybody's weather."

"It is well known, your most gracious Majesty, upon all important occasions, that—"

"That—that—that, and there's an end to it. Don't prose. I should like to take a walk, and pay my respects to Nature—unattended, my Lord Crabtree, unattended. I can speak to her more appropriately when I am alone. I have been woefully neglectful of the good mother, but she will smile upon me, I have no doubt."

"Your Majesty, it is impossible."

"Impossible, my lord! I am speaking of a lady."

"Your Majesty, the lady must wait."

"My Lord Crabtree, you are insufferably rude."

"What your most gracious Majesty says cannot be disputed. But your Majesty has forgotten. In one hour from this you have to lay the foundation-stone of the great institution for the perpetuation of pauperism. The ceremony is most important; it will be a gay sight. The people are eager to see their monarch; all the bigwigs will be present; eight thousand flags will wave a welcome; two thousand and five hundred charity children will sing the national anthem—"

"In the blessed hope that they may one day find a shelter when the walls which we commence to raise this day—"

"The golden shovel is ready; I have seen it, Your Majesty. It is laden with jewels of the first water."

"How appropriate to the purpose to which it is

to be applied! To grasp the jeweled hand of poverty—Well, as you say, my Lord Crabtree, the lady must wait. But I can visit her in the afternoon."

"Pardon me, Your Majesty. This afternoon you have to preside at a meeting of the Oldfoggyarians, to hear the record of the precious discovery made by the Royal Snufftakers concerning the exact date on which the death of King Musty took place."

"King Musty, who reigned in some out-of-the-way place more than three thousand years ago! And the Royal Snufftakers have been thirty years fixing the date! Drawing salaries all the time, and causing a snuff to rise in the market. Precious discovery indeed! Worthy of my reign! My Lord Crabtree, answer me a question."

"I am all ears, your most gracious Majesty."

"You are not complimentary to yourself, my lord. Do you think that these thirty years of labor on the part of the Royal Snufftakers have been profitably spent? Now, do you? Or do you think as I do, that both the time and money might have been better applied?"

Lord Crabtree fussed and fidgeted, but could not find words to shape a fitting reply. He made an attempt to evade the subject.

"Your most gracious Majesty, it is time to dress for the foundation-stone."

"But answer me, my lord. I will put it another way. Is not the well-being of those who live to-day of more importance than those who lived three thousand years ago?"

Still Lord Crabtree could not reply. He saw that the King was in one of his strange humors, and he was fearful of aggravating it.

"Nay, but my Lord Crabtree, I will be answered in some way, or if you cannot answer, I will make you understand. Come to this window. What do you see?"

"Your most gracious Majesty's private garden."

"How does it look? Is it fair to the eye, is it pleasant to every sense?"

"Your Majesty, it is a most delightful prospect."

"There are flowers there of every kind, you see. It requires no great stretch of the imagination, my Lord Crabtree, to imagine that garden a kingdom—"

"It is a kingdom, Your Majesty," said Lord Crabtree, thinking that an exhibition of enthusiasm would please his royal master; "a kingdom of beauty!"

"You are right. It is a kingdom of beauty, and although there are numbers of the commonest flowers in it, the eye dwells with pleasure on them. It is as you see, my lord, peopled with grantees and commoners. All classes are represented. The dainty maiden and the flaunting madame, the prince and the peasant are there. Some are decked out in the most gorgeous colors, some have but two or three modest tints. How sweet those lilacs are! How refreshing those humble wallflowers! There is modesty, there is pride, there is humility, there is arrogance. But, observe: modesty thrives, and is beautiful; humbleness is not humiliated. Nothing is trodden down, or crushed into deformity; room and opportunity are given to them to grow up in health and strength, and they all lift their heads after their various temperaments, and enjoy the blessings of life. They are Nature's children, and Nature smiles on all alike. Not so very long ago, my Lord Crabtree, this that we see before us was waste land; now it is civilized, and the living creatures of all grades and degrees with which it is peopled are bright and happy. What makes them so, my lord?"

Lord Crabtree pondered deeply, and cocked his left eye towards the darkest corner of the royal ceiling; but intelligence did not dawn upon him from that quarter, and he was compelled to say:

"I do not know, Your Majesty."

"I will tell you. By the mercy of the good God that reigns over all—the King bowed his head reverently—"It is the gardeners who make this kingdom fair to the eye and pleasant to every sense. It is they who see that nothing is trodden down and crushed into deformity; it is they who see that room and good opportunity are given to all. They attend to their kingdom regularly, devotedly and wisely every morning and evening. And observe; it is the weakest flowers that receive the greatest care and tenderness. Under that care they grow strong; they thrive, and their lives are pleasant to themselves and to those around them. That garden represents the present; and the gardeners—Well, if you have any understanding of my parable, you need not me to tell you whom the gardener should represent."

Lord Crabtree, with owlish wisdom, blinked his eyes and nodded his head; but, having no comprehension of his royal master's meaning, discreetly spoke not a word. Presently King Sassafra resumed:

"The meeting of the Oldfoggyarians will be over at six o'clock, will it not, my Lord Crabtree?"

"At about that hour, Your Majesty."

"The evening will be pleasant. I will visit my lady then."

"Has your most gracious Majesty forgotten that you have a State dinner this evening?"

"Truly," sighed the King, "I had forgotten."

And murmured, "No rest; no peace! What are these papers?"

"This is the speech which Your Majesty will read after laying the foundation-stone for the institution for the perpetuation of pauperism. This is the speech which Your Majesty will read at the meeting of the Oldfoggyarians when the vote of thanks is passed to Your Majesty for presiding."

"I see," observed the King, glancing over the papers, "that in both cases I speak from my heart."

"Very much so, Your Majesty."

King Sassafra made a sour face, as if he were swallowing physic, and retired to his private apartment to prepare himself for the ceremonies.

VII.

THE THREE SMALL FIDDLERS, IRIS, LUCERNE AND DAISY.

BUT, chafing as he did, most bitterly, at the bondage in which he was held, he contrived to steal a few hours of privacy now and then. In a retired part of the grounds around the Palace he ordered a pretty lodge to be built; it was small, and was comfortably fitted up; locks of an ingenious and peculiar fashion were made, and, as no one possessed a key but himself, no other person could enter the retreat. He caused it to be distinctly understood that when he went to the lodge he was not, under any pretense whatever, to be disturbed; and so absolute and determined was he in this respect, that those about him were compelled to obey his command. "Let me but discover," he said, with stern emphasis, "that I am watched or observed, and I will take proper means to punish the spy." They knew from his tone that he was not to be trifled with. There were two entrances to the lodge—one in front, one at the back. The trees in front of the building were somewhat thinly scattered, but those at the back were close and thick. From a distance the King could be seen entering the lodge by the front entrance, but no person, unless he were set especially to watch,

could see him emerge from it by the back door, which he generally did a few minutes after entering the lodge. Here, having provided himself with suitable clothes, he transformed himself from a king into a very common person, and in this disguise he went wherever his fancy took him. It took him, soon after he was crowned, to the school which Coltsfoot kept in the village. A hundred boys and girls were busily employed in producing that strange babel of sound, without which common children cannot learn to spell r-a-t-rat, c-a-t cat, and so on, when Sassafra presented himself at the door. The sunlight was streaming across the desk by which Coltsfoot sat, serious and thoughtful as usual. He started up when he saw Sassafra, and ran towards him with eager gladness.

"Welcome! Welcome!" he cried. "How you have grown! Now you will have plenty to tell me. Are you going to stay at home? Are your travels over?"

"Yes," answered Sassafra, as they stood with their hands upon each other's shoulders, gazing affectionately into each other's eyes; "and I will see you as often as I can."

Thus the old intercourse was renewed, and the old friendship, which had never been broken, came into active play again. Sassafra had taken the precaution to have his clothes made of such material as ordinary people use, and he managed cleverly enough to thoroughly preserve his incognito. How he spent his stolen hours, which were not many, need not here be set down in detail. He went about with Coltsfoot, and learnt many things, of which he would have been entirely ignorant had he confined himself to the routine of duties and pleasures which belonged to his kingly office. He renewed his acquaintanceship with Ragged Robin, who was a woodman now, as his father was before him, with Coltsfoot's mother, Dame Endive, and with Bluebell, who had grown into a beautiful girl, bright, joyous, happy, and as innocent as a bird. Ragged Robin had become more than ever learned in the life of the woods; he could shut his eyes, and show you more marvels than you had ever dreamt of. With his father's axe he had inherited his father's grievance—the sigh for two shillings a week more. Now, to speak the truth, and to state the case exactly as it stood, Robin really was receiving precisely two shillings a week more than his father had received; but this did not matter—it was two shillings a week more than he wanted. Will this grievance, which has a general application, ever be remedied, and will the world ever be set right in this respect? With the three small fiddlers, Iris, Lucerne, and Daisy, Sassafra contracted a great friendship; they did not recognize him as the person who had addressed them in the churchyard, for he had disguised his voice on that occasion, and he was covered with his large cloak from head to foot. When they saw him coming they would run to the door, and Daisy would leap into his arms, and Lucerne would take tight hold of the hem of his coat, and wouldn't let go, and Iris would welcome him in her quieter fashion. These three little maidens were deeply in love with him, and it was arranged that when Daisy and Lucerne grew up he should marry them both, and set the laws of No-land at defiance. If I were to tell you that in his lodge the King of No-land kept private stores of sweetmeats, with which he would cram his pockets when he went to see these three small children, whose boots were patched, and whose socks and stockings were darned and darned until they had lost all likeness of their original selves, you would scarcely believe it perhaps; but it is true, nevertheless, and true, also, that some of the very pleasantest hours in his life were passed in the society of these humble little maidens, who, at his bidding, would stand before him and play their sweetest melodies. It was a scene worth witnessing, and had it become known that Sassafra, King of No-land, could be seen on certain occasions sitting on a stool in the kitchen listening to the fiddling of these poor children, a large number of persons would doubtless have assembled outside the door.

Just about that time, the newspapers of No-land were filled with the accounts of the approaching visit of a barbarian king, who reigned over an insignificant number of persons in a far-distant land. This king, who had never been out of his own country, and who had the miserable presumption to call himself the King of Kings, as though he were JEROME, was an arrogant, proud, and tyrannical ruler, in whose presence his subjects trembled as they would have trembled before the mighty and majestic of God. He held their lives literally in the palm of his hand, and his nod was sufficient to cause a thousand heads to be struck off. He had nothing to recommend him; he was sullen, narrow-minded, insolent, and indescribably dirty in his habits. Nevertheless, it was deemed necessary for State reasons to receive and entertain him, as though in his person were to be found the embodiment of all the virtues and the personification of all those great qualities by which mankind is ennobled. Therefore, this miserable King of Kings was received and worshipped as though he were truly a God, and if his pride and arrogance needed strengthening, he could not have come to a better place. Guns thundered, music played, soldiers marched, flags waved, and the streets were crowded in his honor, and as the barbarian was drawn in a stately carriage here and there to grand entertainments, heralded by trumpets, surrounded by obsequious magnificence, his handsome tawny face, if it can be said to have had any expression, bore on it an expression which said, "It is well; all this flattery, all this bending and bowing, all this groveling and fawning, prove to me, if I needed proof, that I, the ignorant barbarian, am something more than human, and that you are as dirt beneath my feet. There are in me divine attributes which you might search for in vain among the hordes of common people who assemble to do me honor." He wore a hat which blazed with costly diamonds and other jewels, such as had never before been seen within so small a compass, and those men and women in No-land who led the fashion and constituted "society" gazed with awe and worship upon the glittering mass, and many among them would have been glad of the opportunity to fall down and kiss the dirty feet of him who wore them. Not in the most solemn moments, nor on the most sacred occasions of their lives, never in their homes nor in their churches, had their minds been filled with such worshipping adoration.

VIII.

NO EXAMPLE OF MINE SHALL EVER WEAKEN OR DEGRADE IN MY PEOPLE'S EYES THE SANCTITY OF THE MARRIAGE BOND.

THE nation was in a state of extreme dejection. King Sassafra was indisposed, and an important ceremonial had to be postponed to a future day. Bulletins were flying all over No-land, and a hundred editors were writing leading articles upon the subject of the King's illness. Fresh editions of all the principal newspapers were published every hour, containing such intelligence as "His most gracious Majesty remains in the same condition;" "The pain in his most gracious Majesty's head con-

tinues unabated;" "His most gracious Majesty is no worse;" "His most gracious Majesty is no better;" "No change to report: His most gracious Majesty has eaten his dinner." In this way the appetite and anxiety of the subjects of King Sassafra were in some measure appeased.

And all this while King Sassafra, quite unaware of the excitement he was creating, was laughing in his sleeve.

He was shamming illness, not for the first time, for the purpose of having a few hours' quietude. He saw no other way of being let alone for a short while. There was not the least cause for anxiety. He was as well in health as you and I are, but he was wearied almost to death by the *fetes* and ceremonies given in honor of the King of Kings, and in which he had had to play so prominent a part. He had during all that time been disgusted with himself for having had to do this, and that in the way of pumped-up hospitality to this barbarian; for, entertaining as he did a profound contempt for this man, and a profound horror of his ideas and notions, Sassafra would have been inclined to teach him a different lesson from that which he must have learned during his visit. However, on this point he had, if he wanted any peace, to keep his opinion to himself, and he was heartily glad when the barbarian ruler quitted the shores of No-land, and the absurd and senseless pomp was at an end.

He was alone now in his private apartment. Books and papers were scattered on the floor and on the sofa on which he was lying. He had been reading for fully two hours, and his desire that he should be undisturbed had thus far been obeyed. On his features, as he read, were exhibited signs of doubt and perplexity, and he was so deeply interested in his pursuit as not to hear a knock at the door, thrice repeated. Presently, with caution and timidity, the door was opened.

"Your most gracious Majesty—"

It was Lord Crabtree who spoke. The King looked up and frowned. Then he remembered that he was sick, and he put his hand to his head, and groaned. Lord Crabtree's face assumed an expression of most anxious sympathy.

"Your Majesty still suffers, I regret to see."

King Sassafra groaned again, and shifted his position fretfully.

"Will your most gracious Majesty see the royal physicians?"

"No, my lord. Repose is what I require—perfect repose. Solitude is the only medicine that can do me any good—with no one to worry me—with no old chatterpate to set my head a-singing."

Lord Crabtree did not take the hint—being too dull, perhaps, to understand it.

"The royal physicians have held a consultation upon the state of Your Majesty's health."

"That is the fifth to-day. Dear! dear. Why do they trouble themselves so much?"

"The trouble's a pleasure," said Lord Crabtree, quoting a common form of politeness, and unaware of its inappropriateness on the present occasion.

"They say that your gracious Majesty reads too much."

"The royal physicians are a set of—very worthy fellows. But tell me, my Lord Crabtree, should not a king make himself acquainted with what goes on in his kingdom?"

"It is scarcely necessary, Your Majesty," replied Lord Crabtree; "Your Majesty is in the happy position of being spared the trouble of thinking. You are surrounded by servants who joyfully take that labor upon themselves."

"Servants such as yourself, my Lord Crabtree."

"Such as myself, Your Majesty."

"Servants who cut and measure my life as a tailor cuts and measures his cloth. But we live two lives, my lord."

"I do not understand your gracious Majesty."

"An outer and an inner life. My outer life you may cut and measure and snip; but my inner life—and King Sassafra touched his head and his heart—is my own, and no tape of yours shall measure it."

Lord Crabtree bowed, vainly striving to banish the look of alarm which had overspread his features when King Sassafra had touched his forehead.

"Therefore," continued the King, "I deem it necessary to learn what my subjects are doing—how arts and learning progress, or whether they do progress—how my subjects amuse themselves—what changes are being made in the social life—whether the people are contented—and what views are held by different classes. How am I to gain this knowledge? But through one medium that I can see—printed paper. Books and newspapers. See—here they are." Sassafra looked round wearily, and repeated, "Books and newspapers! Books and newspapers! My Lord Crabtree, they are sufficient to drive a weak mind to idiocy. I have read and read until I am fairly bewildered. The fever of this life is too much for me. I am racked with anxiety. I am torn to pieces by doubt. The past and the future weigh me down. What now is the present to me? Yesterday I was a monkey, and to-morrow I shall have no coals to burn!"

Sassafra walked about the room with a disturbed air; but presently, seeing Lord Crabtree's anxious eyes watching him, he laughed merrily, and clapping the old nobleman on the shoulder, said in a gay tone:

"Never mind my wild words, my lord; kings must have their humors."

"Your Majesty's merry mood delights me."

"A true courtier's speech. But come, my lord, you had a motive in intruding upon me."

"Indeed, Your Majesty, if I might make so bold—"

"To the point, my lord; to the point. Your motive."

But it was impossible for Lord Crabtree to come to the point without going round about. It is the way of such.

"If it might please Your Majesty to forgive your loyal servant and subject—"

"You are forgiven. Proceed."

"I would humbly crave an audience to speak with Your Majesty privately upon a subject most important to yourself and to the nation—a vital subject, Your Majesty."

"Therefore an unpleasant one."

"Not at all, Your Majesty!" said Lord Crabtree, with a giggle. "Pleasant and joyful! Pleasant and joyful!"

"Pleasant and joyful! name it."

With a preparatory smack of his lips, Lord Crabtree replied:

"Marriage."

King Sassafra looked thoughtfully and gravely at his Confidential Worryer.

"A pleasant and sacred subject, my lord. I will listen to what you have to say."

The King settled himself comfortably in an easy-chair. Lord Crabtree, thus encouraged, cleared his throat, and proceeded.

"Your most gracious Majesty's health is not good."

"Truly, my lord; I suffer much. What has that to do with the subject in hand?"

"Your Majesty, marriage is good for the health."

"Ah! and I am to take it as if it were a pill."

"Your Majesty's wit is transcendent. Will Your Majesty, looking upon me for the nonce in the light of a physician—and I may consider myself one on this subject, having lived matrimonially for seven-and-twenty years—condescend to explain to me the ordinary symptoms of your sickness?"

"My symptoms! Let me think. First, my lord, a general weariness."

"Good—good. A disinclination for society."

"Especially for society that bores me. A desire for solitude—a wish that I could shut the door upon the world, and be let alone. Then an inclination to make myself disagreeable, from which I am sure, my lord, you have suffered much. Then a general peevishness, and a tendency to believe that most things are wrong."

"As I expected, Your Majesty. A complete disorganization of the system."

"Precisely. Leading me to take distorted views of things. As, for instance, that absurd comparison of mine the other day concerning the Garden and the Present. You must have been much astonished, my lord, at my wild words."

"I was, Your Majesty. I was. I have thought seriously and deeply upon Your Majesty's remarks about that garden—have put all my mind to them—and I have been unable to arrive at an understanding of them."

"I do not wonder at it, my lord. Are my symptoms such as you imagined?"

"Your Majesty, they tally exactly with the diagnosis I have made of Your Majesty's health. And the royal physicians are with me."

"In this way Lord Crabtree placed himself above the royal physicians."

"And you still prescribe—"

"Marriage, Your Majesty. The pleasantest medicine!"

"Have you found it so, my lord?"

"Lord Crabtree winced slightly."

"Lady Crabtree and I are of one mind upon that, Your Majesty. Nothing could have been better—nothing could have been better."

"But his voice was not remarkable for cheerfulness as he made the declaration."

"I desire no greater happiness," said King Sassafras, in a musing tone, "than to mate with one to whom my heart is drawn. A partnership of hearts and souls, my lord, as well as of hands. Heaven upon earth must be realized in the perfect joy of such an union."

"Lord Crabtree listened with delight. All was going on swimmingly."

"The wisest man, Your Majesty, that ever lived—"

"The fussy, fidgety manner of Lord Crabtree changed the King's humor."

"Surely the man lives not in my kingdom, my lord? His name?"

"The great King Solomon, Your Majesty. He who knew how to rightly estimate all things, spoke in favor of matrimony."

"Gave his vote for it. I cannot call to mind the manner or the matter of his testimony."

"Did he not say that a virtuous woman was a crown of something to her husband? I forget the precise words."

"Something in the jewel way, doubtless, as a woman was in question. He should have known the value of a wife. He had a thousand who ought to have stood to him in that connection."

"Has Your Majesty ever given the matter a thought?" inquired Lord Crabtree.

"I have, my lord, many and many a dream have I indulged in, in which I have pictured the pure delights which wait on mutual love. Is it possible that such happiness can ever be mine?" He rose, and paced the room with an agitated air. "Can it ever, ever be? Or am I doomed to be denied the sweetest blessing which life contains? My lord, I can see the woman I would fain call my queen."

"See her, Your Majesty!" and Lord Crabtree looked about him anxiously, in the fear that some fair nymph was concealed behind the curtains.

"She is here, my lord," said King Sassafras, touching his forehead, and relieved of his fears, Lord Crabtree gave a sigh of relief. "If one could find her now! And if there was no obstacle in the way!"

"He paused before Lord Crabtree, and the old courtier leant forward, and rubbed his hands to and fro upon his knees, and clucked like an old hen."

"What obstacle can there be in the way, Your Majesty? What other gentleman in the world can choose as Your Majesty can choose, with the certainty of being blessed? Not that but the lady will be much more blessed. A happy, happy lady! A queen whom all will envy!"

"And Lord Crabtree rubbed his hands more vigorously upon his shaggy old knees."

"King Sassafras gazed upon him with suspicion."

"I do not understand, my lord."

"If one could find her now! That is what Your Majesty said. He! he! he!" and having had his wheezy old laugh out, Lord Crabtree whispered confidentially: "Your Majesty, we have found her!"

"The King started back, and his face grew pale."

"You have found her!" he echoed.

"Lord Crabtree was so enthusiastic in his purpose that he did not observe the expression on his royal master's countenance."

"We have found her, Your Majesty! A Princess in whose veins runs the blood of half a hundred kings. A Princess whose lineage will add honor and lustre even to the House of Sassafras. A Princess who—"

"Stop, my lord. Of what lady are you speaking?"

"The Princess Calla, Your Majesty, whom you met, doubtless, in your travels. A girl then; a woman now. A Princess out of a thousand, Your Majesty! Happy, happy day!"

"Say no more, my lord," cried the King, haughtily. "So! you have measured even this part of my life for me. This is the union of hearts and souls that you propose to me. Why, my lord, you must think me a very puppet, or something worse! The lady to whom you refer I never met in my travels; she never saw me, nor I her. I know her, of course, as does all the world, as the daughter of a great king, and that is all. She speaks not a word of my language, nor I a word of hers. From the different circumstances of our lives, from the opposite natures of the peoples over whom her royal father and I reign, it is almost impossible that we can have one sentiment in common. Our laws are very different; our institutions are different; our religions are different. I love my country; I love my people, cut off from them as it seems to me I am. What would the world be but for love? and am I to be deprived of it because I had the misfortune to be born a prince? If I met with one of my own people in whose breast dwells all that is pure and good and innocent, and to whom my heart is drawn by that sweet sentiment which humanizes the world, why should I not mate with her?"

"Lord Crabtree clasped his hands, with a cry of dismay which he could not check, and the King, whose last words had been addressed to his own soul as it were, said sternly:

"Mark me, my lord. This part of my life shall not be measured for me. When I marry, I choose for myself!"

"It is against all precedent, Your Majesty," whimpered Lord Crabtree, in anguish. "I beg, I implore Your Majesty to reflect!"

"No reflection is necessary. Why should I be deprived of a man's dearest privilege? My lord, I will dispense with your further attendance to-day!"

"I entreat your most gracious Majesty to allow me one more word."

"Quickly, then."

"If any lady has been happy enough to attract Your Majesty's notice," said Lord Crabtree, his head wagging from one side to the other, in deep distress; "if Your Majesty's eye has been captivated by beauty—we old men know from experience how hard it is to restrain young blood"—(the King stamped his foot impatiently)—"if Your Majesty has any private attachment—"

"Well, my lord! What then?"

"Lord Crabtree was in agony. The King's last words seemed to admit of the existence of a private attachment. The old lord had a thought to express, but he did not know how to shape it in words."

"Your Majesty, consider, I implore you. Do not commit yourself. Do nothing rash."

"Speak plainly, my lord. Say that I have a private attachment. Say that I have met a lady whom I love. Well?"

"Your Majesty," said Lord Crabtree, with tears in his eyes, "would not surely think—think of—"

"Of what, my lord? Speak out like a man."

"Of marrying, Your Majesty? Your Majesty would not surely think of that?"

The King's eyes glittered.

"What else should I think of with reference to a woman whom I love?"

"Anything, Your Majesty," cried Lord Crabtree, wringing his hands. "Anything—anything! Women are easily satisfied. What would a woman not give for a king's smile, for a king's embrace! Your Majesty does not know—the honor of the royal notice—even, if the worst came to the worst, a norganic marriage—easily managed, Your Majesty, easily—"

"But Lord Crabtree was obliged to pause in his floundering speech. The King's strong hand had grasped his shoulders so firmly that he winced with pain."

"Enough, my lord," said Sassafras, in clear, scornful tones. "I forbid you to speak another word. Leave me; and take with you this assurance: No example of mine shall ever weaken or degrade in my people's eyes the sanctity of the marriage bond. I am but a man, and in this am no better than the humblest of my subjects. What would be crime in him is crime in me. No convenient winking of the eyes on the part of priests and laymen can make it otherwise. The shame of a left-handed marriage shall not rest upon my name. When I marry, I marry with my right hand. And my heart shall be in it!"

IX.

THE QUAMOCILTS AND THE WHORTLEBERRIES.

FROM the date of this conversation, Sassafras spent more time than ever in his private lodge, and it was quite a common thing for the lords-in-waiting to be informed three and four times a week that His Majesty had gone to his lodge, and had given orders that he was not to be disturbed. The lodge began to be talked about, and queer things were said concerning it. With reference to the King's conduct and his growing desire for seclusion, the lords-in-waiting, with Lord Crabtree at their head, decided in consultation that although matters were not as they should be, their wisest course at present was to humor his eccentric Majesty. When the Court Newsmen asked Lord Crabtree what he should say in his daily report concerning the movements of the King, he was told to write: "His Majesty walked in the royal grounds."

But this line was repeated so many times when Sassafras was not seen in the royal grounds, that it set tongues a-wagging even among the attendants, and it began to be a saying, when any one was on a sly expedition, that he was walking in the royal grounds. A bit of gossip, with the flavor of scandal in it, is as delightful to a duchess as to a washer-woman. Some of them even went so far as to wink at each other, and to touch their noses with their forefingers.

But these Palace tongues wagged discreetly, and a sort of Freemasonry was established in the winking of eyes and the touching of noses, to which only the select were admitted. Outside the Palace, tongues, eyes and noses were not so discreet. Numbers of people were busy putting two and two together, as the saying is. The saying was not sufficiently explicit in this instance, for instead of putting two and two, the gossippers and tit-biters were busy putting one and one together. And one was Sassafras and one was a lady. The presence of Sassafras was always necessary for the correct doing of the sum; the lady was sometimes changed. The misfortune was that all sorts of things got mixed up together, in consequence. One thing leads to another, it is true, but there is often not the slightest relationship between one and another.

It had been intended that the proposed matrimonial alliance between King Sassafras and the Princess Calla should be kept a profound secret; but somehow or other the news leaked out, and it was spread abroad that His Majesty declined to entertain the proposal. The newspapers of good repute said as little about it as possible, for political reasons, but the matter was not allowed to die out because they were silent.

There resided in No-land a very prolific tribe, whose family name was Quamoclit. Great numbers of the members of this family were to be found in every town, city, and hamlet of the kingdom. The smallest villages were not free from them. Their prying eyes were in every street, and so powerful were those eyes that they could pierce stone walls, and see what was going on inside; their tongues wagged at every corner; they stopped at every convenient post, and touched noses, with a knowing air. These Quamocilts made grand use of their noses, for they poked them everywhere, especially in those places where they were least wanted. They scented the news of the King's refusal to contract an alliance with the Princess Calla as bees scent honey, and the owners of these clever features went round and about whispering to each other, and making friends of each other's buttons, which they tit-bitated. So the King would not marry! they said to one another. Strange! was it not? (Here they winked.) There must be a reason for it. Oh, yes; there must be a reason for it. Do you know? Hm! Do you? (Here they touched their noses.) Well, we have heard something. Indeed! But it must not be repeated—no, not for the world. It was strange, and the more one thought of it the stranger it was. His Majesty was often absent from the Palace now! (Here they looked mysteriously at one another.) Indeed? Oh, yes; for hours together. Perhaps he was in the Palace all the while! Perhaps. Hm! hm! hm! Even Lord Crabtree was kept in the dark. Curious! was it not? Then there is that lodge which he will allow no one but himself to enter. What tales those walls could tell if they could speak! Very mysteri-

ous; very. A lady in the case. (Here they winked, and touched their noses, and looked knowingly at one another, all at one time.) Hush-sh-sh! How can you? Well, we did hear yesterday that—hm! hm! hm! You won't tell anybody, will you! I had it from—hm! hm! In strict confidence, you know."

Thus they talked and whispered, and, as our ingenious brethren in the West would doubtless say, innuendoed. For our Western brethren—who also have their Quamocilts—are great at the turning of nouns into verbs.

But these Quamocilts did still greater mischief. Some of them had newspapers of their own, or were employed upon newspapers, and the King's refusal of the hand of the Princess Calla was a pet theme in their leading articles and special correspondence. They stretched it wantonly as they would a piece of india-rubber, until they made rents and holes in it. In a very short time it was twisted out of all resemblance to itself.

There was another tribe in No-land to whom this dish was like the spice of Arabia. Whortleberry was the name of this tribe. These Whortleberries also possessed a newspaper or two, and in the columns of their papers the dish was served up in a hundred ways, with the very hottest seasoning. Some of these papers fell into the hands of King Sassafras. Some of the remarks which were made concerning him came to his knowledge.

"Good God!" he cried. "Is it possible that I can be such a monster?"

Stung in the tenderest part of him—his manhood—he threw aside all counsel, and in direct opposition to the advice of his Confidential Worryers, he read and studied what was written about him. The more he read the more he was distressed. The more he heard the more he grieved. Had he, in his royal station, possessed a friend like Coltsfoot, he might have turned some of the experience he was gaining to good account; but he was surrounded by flatterers and fawners and court parasites, who would have been well content to see him spend his life as his father had done. He blushed when he was told that his person was sacred, that he, above all other men, was watched over by a special Providence, and that he was hedged round by divinity.

"If this be true," he mused, "I am something more than human."

He trembled from sensitive shame, for he knew that it was false.

"And yet," he thought, pursuing his reflections, "did not the barbarian ruler who lately visited No-land arrogate to himself the awful title of King of Kings? It is monstrous—monstrous and wicked! Surely that title can only be held by the Great and Merciful King who rules over all!"

But if he mentally protested against being held up as a kind of sacred symbol—if he set aside (as he did, with scorn) the idea that his rights were more divine than those of other men, he was filled with just indignation by what he read concerning himself in the papers owned by the Whortleberries. According to these organs, he was either the feeblest fool that ever breathed, with soul so warped by the pursuit of sensual and sensuous pleasure as to be deaf and blind to the misery which surrounded him, or he was directly responsible and accountable for all the evil and suffering which existed in the land.

"If either of these be true," he mused with troubled soul, "I am indeed less than human—more akin to brute than man."

He said to Coltsfoot:

"What is your opinion of kings, Coltsfoot?"

It was rarely that Coltsfoot was in a light humor, but he happened to be so upon this occasion.

"I myself," he said, with a light laugh, "happened to put that very question once to an amiable cynic. He answered that they were necessary evils."

"Every nerve in Sassafras's body tingled, quivered with pain. Although Coltsfoot had but repeated the words of another man, and although he had spoken lightly, a slight dash of scorn in the speaker's tone tinged them with a personal bitterness."

"Of our King, now," continued Sassafras, controlling his agitation, "Sassafras? What do you think of him?"

"I have never seen him."

"But," insisted Sassafras, "you have your idea concerning him. What do you think of him?"

"At the best," replied Coltsfoot, shrugging his shoulders, "he is nothing more than a puppet. Set aside the pomp and glitter which surround him, and he becomes, in himself and by himself, utterly insignificant."

The tone of indifference in which this was uttered stung Sassafras more deeply even than Coltsfoot's previous utterance.

"Is your opinion general?" he asked.

"No; some few would express themselves in similar terms; a larger number would be more violent in the same direction. On the other hand, there are many thousands who regard King Sassafras with an admiration which approaches idolatry. There are ladies in the fashionable world who would think it no extravagance to kiss the ground he walks upon, and who see in him qualities so transcendent as to seriously warp their moral sense. To their minds, a king sanctifies whatever he touches. Let me tell you a story that is current. Some years since a prince of another land was sent upon his travels; he was a person distinguished for good humor and amiability of disposition. He traveled the world, and opportunities were given to him of seeing what no other man had seen in a lifetime, and he was received everywhere with grand demonstrations, and was cordially welcomed. In a certain flourishing city, a dependency of the empire of which he was a representative, the fashionable men and women—especially the latter—went almost mad in the ecstasy of their admiration. Towels that he wiped his hands upon were torn into fragments, and the pieces were taken home by the ladies as relics; the ends of the cigarettes he smoked were picked up as he threw them away, and religiously preserved. It would be the same, I doubt not, with our own King Sassafras. He is to them a visible god, whom they worship, not with indifference and languor, as most of them worship in the churches, but with an enthusiasm which is as lamentable as it is extravagant." Coltsfoot paused for a few moments; his light mood had passed away, and he was now serious and thoughtful. "It may be said by many unprejudiced lookers-on that these are harmless follies; I differ from them. The persons who practice them are seriously in earnest, and they belong to the classes which set the fashions for the people—the fashions in conduct and behavior at home and in the streets—the fashions in dress (in itself an educator), and even in morals, a convertible word, unfortunately, nowadays. The lowly are taught always to aspire, to look up, and they look up to these persons, and aspire to their follies. I would promote mirth, pleasure, and rational enjoyment by every means in my power; but I would set my heel upon these sinful extravagances, which are practiced by persons whose education and position should teach them how to make better use of the advantages they enjoy. There are in life sweeter fashions than these to follow."

"Is the King to blame for all these things?" said Sassafras, with downcast looks.

"He is but a young man," replied Coltsfoot; "it would be most unjust to say that he is responsible for the bad systems which have grown out of the lust for pleasure and ease. He is much to be pitied."

"Truly," said Sassafras, gravely. "I think so too. See here what they say about him."

Coltsfoot read the slanders in the paper which Sassafras handed to him, and said:

"This is one of the reasons why I think the King is to be pitied. I have often seen the person who edits this paper."

"Is he in earnest? Is he sincere?" inquired Sassafras, anxiously.

"I should be sorry to shake hands with him," replied Coltsfoot. "He does what pays him best. Before he became a paper politician he gained a name among the poor and ignorant by writing lewd stories—stories which strike at the very foundation of morality, and which are a disgrace to the literature of No-land. But the people have worthless champions than he, and some of their cheap weekly papers which I could name, and which circulate largely among them, are doing honest and wholesome work, which is bearing good fruit to-day, and will bear better by-and-by. But enough of this. Let us go and see our little fiddlers."

X.

SWEET IS THE AIR NOW AND FOR EVER; HEART WHISPERS LOW, CHANGE WILL COME NEVER!

THE old country lane is sweet with the fragrance of a bright mid-summer. The hedgerows are beautiful in their luxuriance of wild rose, bluebell, and honeysuckle. Myriad tiny blossoms, with eyes of scarlet and purple and gold, are peeping out beneath the richly laden thickets, and smiling in the face of the drowsy clouds.

Here and there are clusters of tiny silver eyes. At a little distance they look like pure white tears. They might be, for before the sun rose this morning the rain fell. And as it fell it stirred everything into life, and brought out the most precious odors of all the sweet-smelling plants. When the fragrant air, on its way to the clouds, reached the nests of the waking birds, they stretched their wings and bathed in it, piping their blithest notes.

In a very small and very old cottage, so covered with ivy and moss as to warrant the fancy that it must have grown out of the earth as the flowers and trees do, sits an old woman shelling peas. Every now and then she looks out of window. A yellow basin is in her lap, and the freshly gathered young peas are in a wicker basket by her side; her brown, bony fingers never cease from their task. The window by which she is sitting is open, and she is almost within arm's reach of a young girl, who sits in the cottage porch in a framework of creeping honeysuckle. The twining plants bend about her and above her wooingly. She is as fair as the Summer day, as sweet as the air which steals through the porch to kiss her, and then wanders on rejoicing.

Her pretty lips are parted, so that you may catch a glimpse of her pearly teeth; the light in her soft and luminous eyes seems to be turned inwards, as though she is looking on her soul; a happy sigh escapes her bosom now and then. She is day-dreaming, but it would not be possible to picture her dreams. Say that they are composed of sweet, warm color, which makes the present and the future beautiful and peaceful; say that Summer is in her soul, and all is said that can be said.

Her name is Bluebell. Dame Endive is the name of the old woman.

In this rustic cottage dwell four persons: Spring and Winter in the persons of Bluebell and Dame Endive; Coltsfoot, Dame Endive's son; and Ragged Robin, Bluebell's brother.

There are four rooms in the cottage—two above, two below. The room above the porch, the window of which, with its closely-latticed panes, you see peeping out of its green nest, is the bedroom occupied by Bluebell and Dame Endive. The room behind that, which looks down upon a small kitchen-garden from which the peas have been gathered, is the sleeping-room of Ragged Robin. Coltsfoot sleeps in a little room behind his school-house, which is not at a great distance from the cottage.

Bluebell is making baskets with slender reeds and willows, and differently-colored grasses; she is very cunning and clever in the weaving of them, and seems to invest them with something of her own grace, and beauty, and freshness. They are very fragile, and require delicate handling; but they are so pretty that Dame Endive finds a ready sale for them in the market that is held once a week about two miles distant from the cottage. Ladies buy them as well as country-women, and they grace many a drawing-room round about. Dame Endive, who has led a hard-working industrious life, is very happy to have something to do in her old age—something, too, that brings in money towards the expenses of the household. The baskets are light, and easy to carry, and on the market-day Bluebell hangs them about the old woman's breast and shoulders, and she starts in the early morning, a living network of bright moving color. The baskets are of various shapes—very fantastic some of them—and as the old woman moves slowly along, assisted by her crutch-stick, she makes quite a picture. When she stops to rest, the birds hover about her, and some who have grown familiar with her are bold enough to perch upon the baskets that hang from the old woman's back, and enjoy a ride without paying for it.

"The day is beautiful, my dear," pipes Dame Endive, from her window.

Bluebell awakes from her dream, and nods and smiles. She is as beautiful and as happy as the day. She wears a light cotton dress, with a small lilac sprig; her hair has escaped from its confinement, and garlands her neck. Dame Endive's cotton dress is of a darker hue, and her white hair is inclosed in a cap as white. This, although it is the middle of the week, is a gala day. Eighteen years ago Bluebell was born.

"Coltsfoot will give his schoolchildren a half-holiday," says Dame Endive, in her shrill voice.

"How do you know, mother?" asks Bluebell. "Did he tell you?"

"No, my dear; but he'll do it. I don't need my son to tell me things. I can read him though I can't read print, and though my old eyes are not as good as they were."

(To be continued.)